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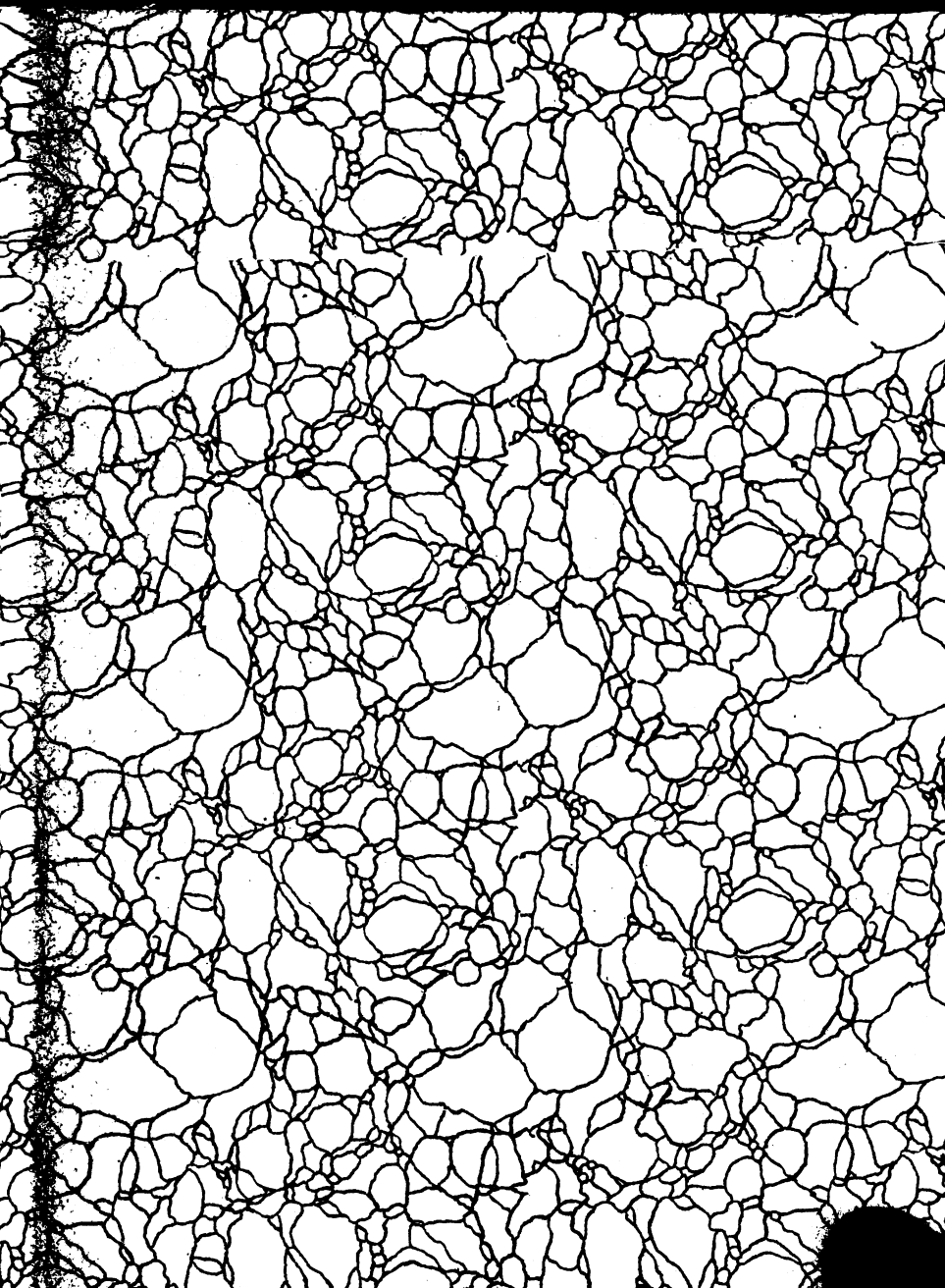
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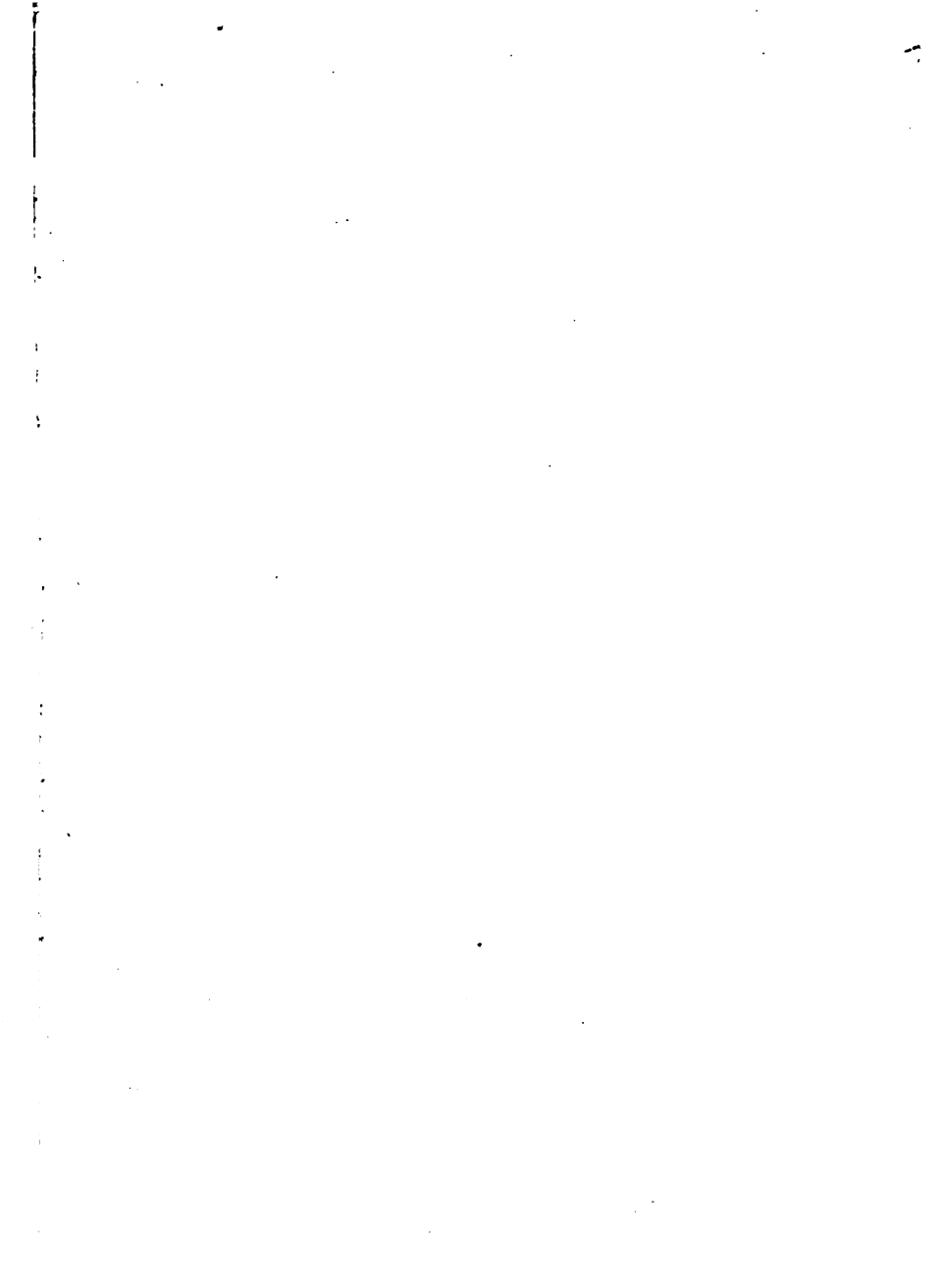
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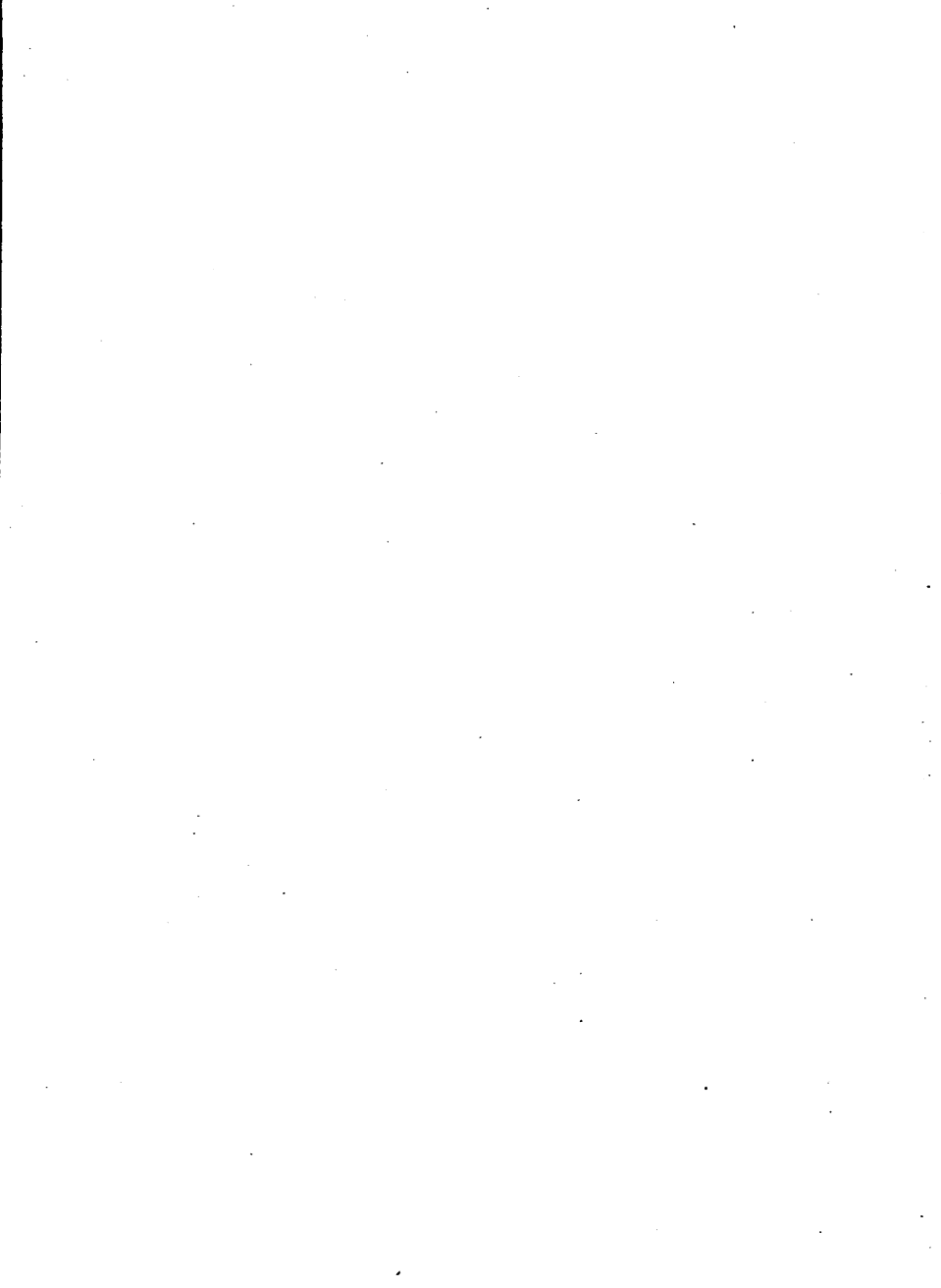
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OCT 3 1902





THE FALSE AND THE TRUE:
A PSYCHIC PHANTASMAGORIA
OF THE
RESURRECTION
IN EPIC VERSE

WITH SUB-HEADINGS, ILLUSTRATIONS AND
COMMENTS

BY
JOHN ULRICK OBERG, M. D.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER



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SALUTATION.

You, dear reader, we kindly salute
With deepest heart-love, in rhyme.
A mystic key we here contribute:
Take it, and use it in time!
If you are wrong, you suffer defeat,
'Though you the victory gain;
If you are right, you victory meet,
Although you thereby are slain.

DEDICATION AND ADVICE.

Whereas, all mankind, when possessing anything of value, desire to leave their wealth to their dearest friends and relatives, we have, therefore, resolved to do likewise.

The wealth we wish to bequeath is stowed away in Nature's storehouse, and the Key that unlocks the door to the way leading to the treasury we herein convey to each one named in this dedicated testament. And we sincerely hope and pray that each one will gather in his full portion, and make good use of the same for the unfoldment of his own and his fellowmen's higher selves, so all humanity may reach the higher rounds on the ladder of human blessings and happiness.

This work, to the world, and to our daughter,
Leona E. Oberg, we here dedicate,
As key to treasures hidden till sought for,



And the way to them we herein relate.
Take great care to heed
Each thought and each deed;
Because by thinking you sow the soul-seed.

If in thoughtlessness deeds are committed
For mischief, or for resentment of wrong,
It is hard from them to be acquitted;
They remain companions all the life long.
The tongue, therefore, learn
To mind, and to yearn
For insults and wrongs kind deeds to return.

Do not imagine no one can see you,
And therefore your actions will not be known.
Each bears his record of what he does do;
Open, or secret, they are ever shown.
The mind accuses,
The face refuses
All partnership in hiding abuses.

The old respect; to equals be civil;
Aid you the poor; to the fallen be kind.
By doing right show the weak the evil
Of yielding themselves to appetites blind.
For all, be a stay,
And in virtue's way
Lead them from gloom into Hope's sunny day.

The pay for your efforts may seem scanty,
And some time with scorn and derision met;
Yet the soul harvest will bring its bounty.

By doing good you have naught to regret.
Then always do right,
And never take fright
At scorn from the dwellers in their soul's night.

Cherish the good, and you greatness attain
By being and living just what you are.
From envy and malice ever refrain,
For such are sure your own progress to bar.
Whatever you do,
To yourself be true,
And each one receives what is his just due.

Struggle not only for wealth and pleasure,
For when you attain them, joy often has flown.
Although they are good, and comforts measure,
Without heart-compassion you are all alone,
So dreary and sad,
And with yourself mad
For not getting that which makes the heart glad.

Strive more to unfold your own soul-kindness;
In the top story of your being dwell.
Always control your own passions' blindness.
Follow them not! for they lead to a well
Wherein it is dark,

And misery's mark
Is fixed on all who to their counsels hark.

If you become disheartened and weary,
And life's gloomy clouds are hovering nigh,
If of temptation you have not been wary,
Return, and go to the fountain on high.
There drink your draught deep:
There strength take and keep:
Then in assurance of victory sleep.

Within each one there dwells a God, called Soul,
Who is the ego that moves, lives and thinks;
Who can lead you safely to the right goal,
Over all troubles on Misery's brinks.
Your prayers to Him send;
Your will force extend;
Hoping and trusting it shall rightly end.

Humanity is a graded folk-school,
Beginning with birth—whilst death graduates;
Where some are punished for breaking each rule
Which nature—and oft man only—creates.
Others seem favored,
Though with crime flavored,
And of debauchery's mire savored.

Yet do not mind it. 'Tis only seeming,
As they are not what they appear to be,
Whilst they on wealth and their birth are leaning.
But when the soul is by Grim Death set free,
Each one can then see
What in truth he be—
No Gods nor Saviors from sin can him free.

When he heartily of himself tires,
And each sinful act he loathes with disgust,
And within his soul forms new desires
Of evil to purge, and thenceforth be just,
There springs a new light
In his soul's dark night,
Which shines brighter for every wrong set right.

Dear friend, thus take care never to falter
In right doing, though it may thankless seem,
For then your life's course you need not alter;
You no acts of folly have to redeem.
May you ever grow
In virtue, and go
On reaping love's crop you started to sow.

When reaper Death shall have gathered us in
On his course o'er Mortality's ferry,

And we shall have ceased response to earth's din,
And friends the corse shall solemnly bury,
Remember we meet
Again, and shall greet
Each other beyond, and Death's sting defeat.



PREFACE.

In this small volume we try to record
The old and the new:
The creation of man, God, and our Lord—
The false and the true—
In a synopsis of the Christian lore,
As in childhood taught;
How man sinned, and how the sins Christ bore—
By his blood man bought;
And in epic verse a lucid scene draw,
So we all may see
What is in accord with Nature's own law:
To the false set free.
From her hidden contents, be patient and read
What she has to say.
She, in new thought-paths, will your reason lead
From night into day.
Religion must stand upon facts, or fall
And crumble to naught;
And by natural laws faith's truth recall,
If patiently sought.

Nature is the only God-written book
That is fully true.
In her we must for all mysteries look,
For the old and new.
With respect for all, and malice for none,
We've tried to be just.
When your reading of this volume is done,
You are paid, we trust.



The Reason why we Wrote This Book.

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT DAY.

All who have been brought up within the pale of the Christian Church have been taught to believe in a resurrection and a judgment day.

In fact, it constitutes one of the principal corner-stones on which the Church is built, especially the doctrine of immortality. The *Creator*, the *Creature*, the *Destroyer*, the *Redeemer*, *Resurrection* and *Judgment*, *Condemnation* and *Salvation*, are the eight corner-stones of the crosses on which the Church is built. Remove any one of these and the structure cracks, crumbles and falls. There are many eminent shepherd-architects within the fold who are constantly undermining the above-named corner-stones, and discarding them as of no value, until the structure is considered unsafe; hence the flocks are roaming at large over rough mountains of chance and often grazing on the herbage of sensuality,

greed and lust, refusing longer to obey the shepherds' call. No one can blame them, as they have long been herded in fields devoid of soul nutriment, but have still been compelled to yield their scanty wool for their shepherds.

But now that each sheep has become his own keeper, shearing his own wool for himself, there is a famine in the shepherds' camp, who are forming a wool-clippers' union, and are trying to combine with the state, and thus, by law, to compel the sheep to be herded and clipped by and for themselves.

We rejoice over the liberty obtained by and for each individual, but we nevertheless bemoan the fact that liberty placed in the hands of the ignorant and the vicious often means only license for doing evil. We recognize the fact that each individual has the privilege, right and duty to think and judge for himself. But before he forms an opinion upon a subject, he should gather all the facts pertaining thereto; otherwise he will do himself and others great injustice, because his judgment will be formed by what he thinks are the facts instead of what he knows them to be.

Many precious truths are thus discarded as of no value, and many errors are accepted as solid truths.

To-day the Christian Church, as a body, is at sea, scarce knowing what it builds its faith on. The Hell and Devil have long been doubted; Christ the Redeemer is only redeemer by precepts; immortality is scoffed; the Creator has become chance, and has lost his personality. In fact, all the corner-stones are rapidly being removed, and replaced by nothing better.

And yet Christianity, built on its eight corner-stones, when viewed by the light of science, is true, and its eight corner-stones are natural facts. The crosses and crucifixions are true, but the trouble lies in the fact that the priesthood have, through time—by superstitious veneration—erected other crosses and laid other corner-stones than Nature and Nature's God have laid. Christ was crucified between two malefactors: one was repentant and one defiant.

We have, therefore, three crosses and three Christianities. One is false and two are true.

It is our desire to clear away the rubbish which

time and priestly arts have gathered around the true crosses, and thus bring to view the true and ever-living Christs crucified for the benefit of man, so he who runs may read and know for himself.

In order to accomplish this task, the reader must follow through the maze of mythology and mystic lores, where, to prevent our being lost, we shall take Nature for guide.

We must be careful not to condemn that which is true, though old and time-worn, because we, above all others, will be injured thereby.

To avert this danger we must from the results trace the cause and origin. This we will endeavor to do by thorough investigation. But the subject is too vast and complicated for perusal by the busy individual. Hence, to be understood, we must condense the whole subject, and bring it within the scope of three or four hours' reading, yet have care that not a shade of the mental picture shall be lost. We have, therefore, resorted to the greatest condensing process known—namely, rhyming epic verse.

The subject is naturally so dry and bony,

that few can be brought to give it the proper attention, preferring to take the say-so of their teachers, whether right or wrong, rather than to take time to read it. To make it more interesting we have woven the fabric into a story around a dream, or a vision, we saw while but a child. But when the story is read, forget it, and only remember what we desire to convey by the same.

It should call your attention to existing natural facts, and the laws governing these facts, and no more. There it ends. It should not be considered authority by its mere statements, for a revelation to the first person becomes faith to the second. We merely relate, and leave the conclusions of what we have related to you.

We have used simple language so all can understand it, but wish to label a few words used, namely: Life, death, spirit and soul.

Many confound the words spirit and soul, and use them interchangeably. We claim both are immortal, but soul is a more highly evolved spirit. All life is animated by spirit, but of all organic beings mankind alone has soul.

We have four kinds of life: First, the material, or inorganic, life; second, spirit life. Inorganic life is permeated with spirit, and it is spirit known as cohesive force which holds the crystal in contact. This kind of spirit exists everywhere throughout the entire universe, and we may also call it Chemic, or Cosmic, force. There is, however, another kind of spirit which, when it crosses this inorganic life, forms organic physical life. Thus the third kind of life is Physical life. It takes more or less unfolded soul life crossed with matter to form Physical life, but it is, nevertheless, known as spirit until it has reached its highest unfoldment through the physical life found in man, where it becomes an independent living soul, a creator and a god.

Soul is, therefore, the fourth and the highest degree of life.

All life is immortal, except the physical life, which is ever-changing; and when the soul ego has no longer use for the same, it crumbles and dies. The material returns to the organic and inorganic worlds, from whence it came, whilst the animal spirit and the soul return to their respective stations in the spirit and soul world.

These definitions may not be found stated in the authorities, but we wish them to be understood so, hence label them.



INTRODUCTION.

Ye lovers of truth, observe! and behold
The foundations of the religions old!
How truth and error there lap and indent,
And are held together by fear as cement!
Religion, the light
In Sorrow's dark night,
Help us to purge it and keep it aright.

Truth is eternal, and can stand the test.
Error will vanish when by facts hard pressed,
And to religion is terredoed spiles—
The good it weakens, while truth it defiles:
Religion the stay
On temptation's day;
The anchor and hope when life flies away.

Its massive buildings, like monuments, stand
In every nation—and in this fair land—
Whose foundations crumble under thought-light.
Long-believed dogmas are taking their flight,
Where fear and alarm,
The dogmatic's charm,
No longer trouble nor do any harm.
Their flocks are roaming, like sheep on a hill,
Without order going, trying to fill
Their hunger and thirst from Theory's spring;

From her dry pasture they scarce glean a thing.
The last and the first
Are in a disgust;
Though free, are in fetters, and them dare not burst.

They go from faith to dark doubt's dreary maze,
And there facts with uncertainty replace;
While religion they call only a game
Played by the priesthood, for money and fame,
Who want to be great,
Hence early and late
Try to draw power for church from the state.

With dogmatism they have covered truth;
With God's fearful vengeance threatened the youth
If by science they measure faith and draw
From it conclusions of God's Holy Law.
They curse and they ban
Child, woman and man,
For walking beyond their own finger's span.

Open the windows and let the sun in;
Wide open the doors and call science in,
Which only can help you the facts to find—
Food for the hungry and sight for the blind.
The glorious Ever
Victorious, never
Does true religion from science sever!

Mortal man dieth. The soul survives death,
And is the cause, and not subject, of breath.
He is his own savior from his sin's stain—
Provided from sinning he does refrain.
The soul is the light
In life, and Death's night.
Follow its guidance; 'twill lead you aright.

If you seek for light in God's Holy Writ,
My humble lay read, and well digest it;
For, from that fountain which never runs dry,
I have drawn it; and that fountain is nigh.
The language has faults,
The rhyme often halts,
But sense, and the truth, it always exalts.



PART I.

CHAPTER I.

In memory's fountain there lingers still
A scene I cannot forget, for it will
Not be banished from my memory's eye,
As, companion-like, it always keeps nigh.



Perchance it was a mirage reflecting
My own soul's thought; and ever selecting
The theme which I held most dear and cherished—
If continued long, I must have perished.

Then came to me a dream, or a vision—
What it was you may render decision.
Say what you will, you can name it yourself,
But to me it proved a heaven-sent elf.

THE REASON FOR ITS COMING.

Yet, before I describe this scene so queer,
The cause of its coming you ought to hear:



Born a Swede, in the Church
Evangelic,
In her pious tenets' world-
famed relic;
In her faith established
through the nation,
In the belief that the whole
creation
As taught in the Bible--the
old and new--

In which every line is word for word true.

CREATION AND FALL OF MAN.

All that is was in six days created,
Including man, whom God estimated
Above everything else which he had made,
And gave to him Eden, with fruit and shade;

Wherein he reserved for Himself one tree,
Which stood in its midst—whilst the rest were
free—

Whose fruit was knowledge of evil and good,
Of which eat they must not, if live they would.

CLOSE OF THE SIXTH CREATION DAY.

“My work is finished, and my rest is near,
And for recreation I will come here,
For all is perfect without correction.
Adam and Eve are mine by election.
They are charmingly graceful, like unto us;
We shall live in *unum e pluribus*.
For I am satisfied with all I've made,”
Said He to His Son, in cool evening's shade.

LIFE OF BLISS IN EDEN.

How long they lived there in bliss we don't know,
But Eve's prying mind soon started to grow;
Covetous glances she cast on that tree,
Because it was charming and fair to see.

THE TEMPTATION AND FALL.

A serpent then of the Devil was seized,
And by his fine talk the woman much pleased.
“Behold! this fruit is fine and delicious!
Partake thereof, and be wise and gracious.”

. EVE'S ANSWER.

"To eat of that fruit God has forbidden;
For under its beauty death lies hidden."

SATAN'S ARGUMENT.

"Nay! Say not so, woman; for we well know
That wisdom and knowledge thereon do grow.
When you thereof eat you will be like Him;
Your eyes shall open and no more be dim."

YIELDING TO TEMPTATION.

The woman took it and ate a
measure,
And gave to Adam, who ate with
pleasure.
But lo and behold! They found they
were nude,
And to eat such fruit was wickedly
rude.



. THE CREATOR'S APPEARANCE ON THE SCENE.

As the Lord came at the cool evening tide,
They swallowed the apple and ran aside—
Hence were not present and ready for play
When He came, after they had gone astray.

"O Adam! Where art thou! Why dost thou hide!"

"We find we are naked," Adam then cried.

"Come forward this moment! I want to hear
What brought on this change to cause thee such
fear.

You always were innocent till to-day;
What maketh you act in this frightened way?"

ADAM AND EVE BEFORE GOD.

Then Adam and Eve came slowly around,
With fig-leaf aprons upon themselves bound.

"You have eaten of the forbidden fruit—
For I see its effect upon you bruit—
Or your nudeness would not have you disgraced,"
Said God, as they stood before Him shame-faced.

ADAM'S ANSWER AND GOD'S ANGER.

"The woman, Thou madest, gave it to me.
I ate and it was a folly, I see."

Indignation, sorrow, anger and rage
Then shifted about on God's mental stage;

"You I created and gave the whole land,
Except yon small tree. You broke my com-
mand!

My work is a failure, I now have found,
Though my heart was pleased and unto it bound.
Cursed be thou, Adam, and cursed be the ground!
Cursed be thou, woman, and serpent profound!
Cursed be all nature—in one single blow.
Everything now to destruction shall go;
For I am the Just Lord God, and must be
Satisfied ere I can let you go free!"

THE SON'S INTERCESSION.

The Son spake up: "O Father, be quiet!
Do not be angry, nor make such a riot!
But with love's compassion open thine eyes,
And do not destroy thine own paradise!
For Adam's action I stand guarantee.
Dost he not act right, wilt let Thee slay me."
This intercession appeased Him quite soon,
For in a short time He granted the boon.
Then, with animal skins, He made them dress.
Without shedding of blood—and nothing less—
They could not have stood before Him at all
After that evil and terrible fall.

HEAVEN'S COUNCIL.

"'Tis best we consider our acts with care,
Or much annoyance from them we may bear.

If we let them stay here we will it rue—
Since good and evil are known by the two—
For they ate the fruit and shalt feel Death's
 sting,
And reap what they sow and on themselves
 bring.

We must drive them away from the Life-tree,
Or they may eat and live, and like us be.
Thou gavest for them thy promise to me,
Of guardianship, and thy guarantee.

'Tis well for thee to secure thine own prize
Lest they in rebellion against thee rise.
We will it thus: 'That who on Thee believe,
Shall pardon for his transgressions receive;
And if he believes not, him must we sure
Send down to Hades, to stubbornness cure.
These shall be Heaven's immutable laws,
Made for salvation and fallen man's cause;"

*Yet, before the world's founda-
 tion was laid,*
And Adam and Eve in the gar-
 den strayed.

EXPULSION FROM EDEN.

Then Adam and Eve from Eden
He drove



To out in the wide world's misery rove.

"In griping pains shall thy children be born,
In the sweat of thy brow shalt eat thy corn;
In raising thy bread thou shalt till with care,
As thorns and thistles the ground shalt thee bear.
Thou, accursed snake, Man's power shalt feel;
He shalt crush thy head; thou shalt bruise his
heel!

At Eden's gate I shall angel-guards place,
And all the roads to it I shall deface,
So none shalt eat of its life-giving fruits,
But stay on earth among vipers and brutes."

ABEL, CAIN AND SETH.

Dark sadness then reigned until Cain was born,
'They thought a savior come to the forlorn;
And more when Abel lit their hearts anew;
But still sadder when Cain his brother slew,
And fled to Nod, a people full of strife,
Among whom to himself he took a wife.
Then again they were with sorrow alone,
Until Seth, a fair lad, himself made known,
Who grew to manhood, and is filling earth
With sons of men—through the channel of birth.
They lived in abundance through the whole land,
Yet heeded no rights, nor God's own command;

But grew every day much stronger in sin;
Though Enoch was good, and God took him in.

THE DELUGE OF SIN.

For years—hundred-twenty—God with them
plead
To walk in the right, and by Him be led.
They heeded not, but bade Him defiance,
Though with good Noah He made alliance
To build him an ark—his family to save
From a deep deluge and watery grave.
And for forty days storms and rains He sent,
Till the water over high mountains went.
When the winds blew, and the sinners were
drowned,
The ark a landing on Ararat found.
Then emerged from the ark all found within
That grand refuge in the deluge of sin.
And Noah and sons, together with wives,
Burnt offerings offered to God for their lives:
He, smelling its savor, was with it so pleased
That he told Noah his anger had ceased;
Thus placed in the sky the rainbow for men,
As token that he will not drown them again;
And gave them control of all upon earth,

And all within it that to them had worth.
From the fertile soil grew the grapevine.
From its luscious fruit made Noah his wine,
And drank of it till he acted not right.
His shameful deeds was for Ham a bad sight,
For, by beholding, Noah cursed his son;
Since which, for like causes, others have done.
If Noah pleased God as priest or as monk,
It says not for sure, but says he got drunk.
After the flood, things went smoothly for years—
Some were ruled by love, and others by fears.
Here we have no time to mention them all,
But only such as the mind can recall:
There were Abraham, Isaac and his son,
Joseph, Moses, David and Solomon,



With many wise prophets, priests and great
kings,
Of which memory a multitude brings.

To walk justly He of them demanded,
And from Sinai ten times commanded.
Time passed on with an occasional pull
At God's patience, till forbearance was full,
And He determined on sin's prevention,
And of His son exacting redemption.
Thus called him into the accounting room
To balance the books and receive the doom.
The results were bad, for he had to pay
The debt for which he stood security.
Therefore he bade the Heaven's-court good day,
And then prepared to go, without delay,
To upon himself take poor man's estate
And in physical life suffer his fate.
A forerunner of him to the earth went,
And John, the Baptist, before him was sent.
He also sent angels with the story
Of His coming in a hidden glory.

CHAPTER II.

THE ANGEL'S SALUTATION TO MARY.

"All hail to thee, Mary," the angel said,
"The blessings of Heaven rest on thy head.
Unto thee, Virgin, a child shall be born,
Who shall be a savior of all forlorn."

MARY'S ANSWER.

"May the blessings come, however they can;
But know not from whence, for I know no man."
"Oh, no, Mary," said the angel again,
"He shall be no product of sinful man,
But a holy seed will take root and bloom,
For God's holy son shalt with you find room."

ELIZABETH AND ZACHARIAH.

Then Elizabeth, Zachariah's wife,
Came, blessing the product of Mary's life.
The priest, Zachariah, had a queer freak:
Because of a vision he could not speak,
Until John was born, and he wrote his name;
Then he spoke and rejoiced—who could him
blame?

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

At Bethlehem, born at the Christ-
mas tide,

To see the Christ-child many wise
men hied.

They sought him in stables of
sheep and goats,

From whence the glad tiding joy-
fully floats.

And those good shepherds who then were not
there,

A message received from the angels fair.



THE FLIGHT TO EGYPT.

Herod the Great with the dark thought
was filled.

"If the child be a king he should be
killed."

Thus he gave orders to slay every kin
Who had that year around Bethlehem
been.

That treachery Joseph saw in a dream;
Hence fled to Egypt the child there to screen,
Who grew in wisdom, in power and love—
Reflections of unseen forces above.



When Herod died they returned to their home,
And no longer did in foreign lands roam.

HE TAUGHT THE PEOPLE.

At twelve years, in Jerusalem's temple,
He taught the wise men—with learning ample;
At thirty did his full mission commence,
When he healed and taught without recompense.
Around him gathered the high and the low,
Who loved his presence where'er he would go;
Till in priests and scribes he much envy
wrought,
Who took him, and Annas and Caiaphas sought.
But, as by law they had no right to kill,
They sent him to Pilate, and sought his will.
This occurred at Pascal festival time,
When people were there from many a clime.
These raised insurrection to have him slain,
Which, to the priesthood, was clearest of gain.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE THE COURT OF PILATE.

“Of what crime do ye this great man accuse?
He is innocent, and King of the Jews.
Your accusations I cannot support,”
Said Pilate of him, while before his court.
“We have an old custom, which thou should’st
know,
A prisoner free at Pascal shalt go.”
And robber Barrabas—an evil brute—
Was to be crucified, but they were cute
To demand his release—without least dread—
And have Jesus crucified in his stead.
He sent him to Herod, to please his mind,
Who could the least fault against him not find.
Then robed him in purple, and whipped him,
too;
And crowned him with thorns; and blood from
him drew.
“Behold! the man is now scourged, without
cause,
And is not guilty of crime against laws.”
Then cried the people: “We shall never dread
His blood on our own and our children’s head.”

Then washed Pilate his hands from every guilt
Of the innocent blood they would have spilt,
And gave them a warrant which they could use
For crucifying the King of the Jews,
With an inscription to be nailed o'er him:

"Jesu Naserene Rex Judæorum."



On Golgotha to a cross him they
nailed;
In quelling his love they utterly
failed.

While tortured he prayed: "Father
forgive you,
For ye know not the sins that ye
now do."

But while in anguish, pain and gloom, said he:
"My God! my God! Why forsakest thou me?"
Yet, seeing his mother and John, he cried:
"Thy mother, thy son, 'tis finished!" then died.
Thus for man, on the cross, his prayers went,
Answered by the Temple's veil being rent.
His sorrowing friends the body secured,
And, wrapped in myrrh, in a new tomb im-
mured.

And, sad, departed for their homes to weep,
And him forever in memory keep.

Forlorn and dreary, they could not refrain
From going to see his body again.
When the sacred Sabbath came to a close,
To visit his grave the mourners arose.
The women came first—at the break of day—
And found the door-stone had been rolled away,
And angels were standing at foot
and head
Informing them that: "He rose
from the dead!"
On searching, they found his
napkin was there.
With care it was folded; the rest
was bare.



The men went away, but Mary still stayed,
And asked the gardener: "Where have you him
laid?"

The Master said: "Mary," in his sweet voice,
"I live! Go, tell my brethren, and rejoice."
And on that day, on the Emmaus road,
He relieved two men of their sad hearts' load,
Opening to them the words truly spoken,
How for sins of men He must be broken.
Once closed in a room, on the upper floor,
His disciples were with hearts sad and sore,

When by them He stood, saying: "Peace to you!
Thomas, thou doubtest. Stick thy fingers through
The wounds in my sides, my hands, and my feet!
Dost thou think it is I whom thou dost greet?"
And Thomas, amazed, could scarcely find word,
When seeing his risen master and lord.

THE DISCIPLES GO FISHING.

On Lake Tiberias, one night, they fished,
And faithfully labored till dawn, but missed.
Tired and weary their course homeward bore,
And there found the Master upon the shore
Calling to them: "Have ye got any meat?"
They answered him: "No!" "Then come here
and eat!

Cast your net on the right side of your boat!"
And one 'fifty-three they to the land float.
All were astonished when seeing the yield—
So great a wonder to their hearts appealed.
"It is the Master!" and Peter sprang in, (?)
And two hundred cubits he had to swim.
He three times asked: "Peter, dost thou love me?"
Who answered him three times: "Lord, thou
canst see." (?)

"If thou lovest me, then feed my dear sheep,
And ever on them a watchful eye keep." (?)

All were fed from the fish on the fire,
Representing his funeral pyre.

THE ASCENSION.

He taught many things to the faint-hearted,
What they should do when from them he parted.
When his instructions to them had
ended,
Into Heaven from thence he as-
cended.
Thus, leaving them gazing into the
sky,
Until he vanished among clouds on
high.



Then two angels appeared, asking of them:
“What gaze ye after, ye Galilee men?
This same Jesus, we truly to you say,
In like manner shall come on Judgment day.
Return to Jerusalem, and there stay
For the Holy Ghost's coming. Watch and pray.”
They went, and from God assistance they sought;
And the Spirit wonders on Pentecost wrought.
For with tongues he their intellects fired,
Till they spake every language, inspired.
Thence to the world was the gospel proclaimed:
“The sin-debts are paid and man is redeemed.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISSION FINISHED.

His mission was finished here upon earth,
Where He paid the debt to its utmost worth.
And God is not fully satisfied yet,
But out with the world, and will destroy it.
First, man was saved by the Son's intervene;
Second, Noah and ark came in between;
And third, God's own son on the cross was slain;
Yet, his fierce anger he cannot restrain.
The world he will burn in fires of Hell,
Where sinners, in bondage, ever shall dwell.

HE SHALL COME FOR JUDGMENT IN HIS GLORY.

Before this burning, with horrors gory,
He shall come for judgment in his glory.
Arch-Angel Gabriel shall blow his horn,
On that resurrection's imposing morn,
And call to judgment the living and dead.
Those shall to happiness by him be led
To God's right hand, who in bliss shall have
slept,
And their sinnings' receipt closely have kept;
Those on the left side have damnation earned,

For they his plans of salvation have spurned.
*Salvation is easy: Only believe
Jesus as Christ, and salvation receive.*
The unbelievers shall be like the goat,
And go to the left, to in darkness float.
By lack of faith they God's ire have wrought,
For spurning Him, who them dearly had bought.
Those in glory shall praise God, and never
Cease singing the Lamb praises forever,
And to the Triune and Heavenly host—
The Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.
Those sent to damnation's horrid fire
Shall cry from pain, and sorrow, and ire.
There souls shall not die, nor shall anguish
cease,
And from hell-torments none shall find release.



CHAPTER V.

MY CHILDHOOD'S FAITH.

This, I was taught, was the truth, every word
From God's holy mouth, by His prophets heard.
One must repent, and believe, to be saved,
And in Christ's holy faith be well behaved:
Which is not so easy as one might think,
For Paul, the Apostle, feared he might sink
Under his Car's heavy doubt-sinning load,
And finally miss the salvation road.
Then, if he, thought I, could miss salvation
When he offered himself in oblation
To the Master's sacred soul-saving cause,
I had good reason to ponder and pause.
Again: If from the damnation horrors
I save myself from Hell and its terrors,
What of my friends, as well as relations?
And what of my earth-neighbors, and nations?
Shall they suffer pain, and I near by?
Or, will each one be saved as well as I?
But am answered firmly with a "No! no!
In Heaven none pangs of conscience can know."

But what kind of Heaven can that well be
To me, while from glory I will them see?
As a child I o'er it studied and thought,
Till it near **the verge** of distraction brought,
For much did it weaken and **exhaust**
When for salvation I counted the cost.



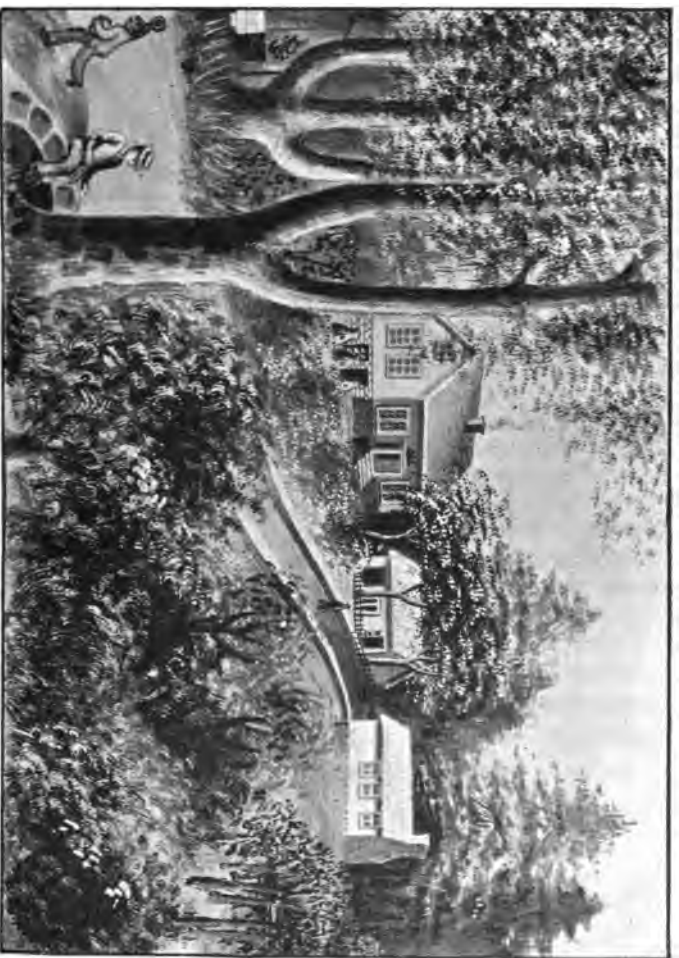
PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PHANTASMAGORIA.

(As I saw it in the Autumn of 1867.)

I remember one misty, autumn day,
On an errand Father sent me away.
My mind had been dwelling on salvation
For myself, and all human relation,
Until exhausted, and so had to rest,
And must have fallen asleep in the mist.
And in that short sleep a long dream I dreamed,
And traveled through space and time, and, it
seemed,
Though a small lad, in the vision I grew
Into man's estate, and saw what I knew
I never had seen before in my life:
Foreign lands, and seas, with their peace and
strife.
As I grew up, thought also unfolded,
And my religion ever re-molded.
From my Father's and Mother's cherished faith
Atheism and doubt soon took its place.
It was a cold faith, and yet it much stilled



HOME OF CHILDHOOD.

The terrible fear of Hell which me filled.
Though sure of no life beyond the dark grave,
A full assurance of it I did crave.
To me preachers preached, and argued, and
prayed,
And yet still stronger in that faith they made.
But a wish within would ever persist
To know if beyond death man does exist.

PROOF OF IMMORTALITY.

Then came to me friends from my early youth:
"We are not dead, but live!" said they. In truth,
They were evidence of what I there saw,
And proof of the immortality law.
This filled my mind with a long longed-for peace,
Because the soul-strength it did much increase
With understanding of the sacred key
To Mother Nature's hidden mystery;
With power to know myself and my God:
That His rule is Love, and Man's is the rod.

IN THE VISION I VISITED OTHER COUNTRIES.

In far distant lands, and in golden spheres,
I was living for many happy years,
Until with life's care, and age, I was bent,

When thoughts toward home of my childhood
went.

So in shape my affairs I tried to make,

For a needed recreation to take.

My family and I bade adieu one day,

And for home of childhood we sailed away.

And came to memory's hallowed spots,

Where, as children, we picked forget-me-nots.

It was in the mellow-light autumn time,

When for beauty it can vie with each clime,

With its deep blue sky and its gold-lined cloud;

Its echoes resounding so clear and loud.

The lakes lay before us, peacefully bright,

Reflecting shadowy scenes in the light,

Of everything that might be on the shores,

And boats plied by steam, by sails, or by oars.

And whatever is above it on high,

On their bosoms record, both form and dye.

Under the feet was a green mat of grass,

Soft as velvet, while we over it pass,

Adorned with flowers which in the fall grow.

Their sweet-scented fragrance was good to know.

The tree leaves were turning yellow and bright,

Charming and beautiful in the sunlight.

The fruit in the orchards was ripening,

Some finding it hard to on the tree cling,

Of birds there were many different kinds
Gleefully singing the song of their minds.
Their warbling, whistling, chirping and cooing
Caused one to wonder what they were doing,
For they created a bedlamic noise;
But who could well help to with them rejoice.
The busy farmer was plowing his field;
Or ascertaining the potato yield;
Or gathering in whate'er they had sown;
Or threshing with flails, by fours, or alone;
The house-wives were working over their flax;
The busy woodman was using his ax;
The blacksmiths were forcibly hammering;
The herd-maids did charming melodies sing;
The house builders were working and drawing;
And chis'ling, planing, rubbing and sawing,
And for the people ever erecting
Houses, and homes, with much care selecting.
There were men of leisure, who pleasure sought;
And busy merchants who wares sold and bought;
The stockman raising his stock and his shoats;
The milkmaid milking the cows and the goats.
The cattle were lowing in pastures near;
And the horse-neighings we also could hear,
With quacking of geese and bleating of sheep.
In tune with themselves they harmony keep.

And yet, they keep time with the merry song
Of human voices heard all the day long.
With amazement I stood, and mused and thought
Over the wonderful comfort it brought,
For folk-life is in harmony going,
And all nature must be better growing.



CHAPTER VII.

THEN GABRIEL'S TRUMPET SOUNDED FOR JUDG-
MENT.

As I mused I heard a blowing,
Like a steamboat whistle going,
With a shock and a vibration,
Which penetrated everything,
And distant echoes answering,
Stirring up the whole creation.



Yet knew I not from whence it came,
Nor could I to the sound give name,

Until I heard it overhead,
Then some wings I heard a-flutter,
And a clear bassetto utter:
"For the judgment arise, ye dead!"

THE DEAD AROSE FROM THEIR GRAVES.

Then I saw the ground a-waving,
Like some angry billows heaving
Frail sailing barks upon the main;
And I heard much groan and wailing,
Like a raging storm with hailing,
Or like the noise when threshing grain.

All around me I saw popping
Children, men and women, hopping
Up from the ground close where I stood.
Closely watching their expressions,
I could hear them make confessions.
Some thought it bad, some thought it good.

TO JOY.

But for them there was no choosing,
They must go their way rejoicing
If well they had it so they could.
Each must go and meet his Master;
Try his fortune, or disaster;
Each hoped to have it as he would.

TO SORROW.

Some were scowling, howling, crying,
And in every way a-trying
To find some shelter for themselves;
But were dragged by pure volitions
To their places and positions,
Clear in front of the judgment shelves.

Still the angel kept a-going,
And his golden horn a-blowing,
While a due eastward course he led.
As he blew and kept a-calling—
Trees and rocks were shaking, falling—
“Arise for judgment, all ye dead!”

THEY SHALL COME BEFORE HIS THRONE.

When the angel passed on, eastward,
I turned my eyes to the westward,
Where an imposing scene I saw:
There was God, the Father, sitting,
A bright halo round him glit’ring,
And He before Him had the law.

THE BOOKS SHALL BE OPENED.

At his left hand sat the spirit
With a book of records. From it

He read account of each, and name.
When a sinner came before him,
With his eyes he tried to gore him:
"I find you doubly here to blame!"

AND THEY SHALL BE JUDGED ACCORDING TO
THE DEED DONE IN THE BODY.

At his right hand sat the Savior
His mein was mild with behavior
As if he had a human heart.
God, the Father, kept a-scolding,
Over them the law a-holding,
And bidding each one to depart.

I WAS HUNGRY AND THOU GAVEST ME NAUGHT
TO EAT.

"To the left thou canst be drawing,
And in anguish shalt be gnawing
Thy wicked soul in suf'rings drear."
But the Son kept on a-holding,
And was busily unfolding
The sinners' favors, to him dear.

"REMEMBER THERE IS AN ADVOCATE NEAR THE
FATHER."

Yet the Spirit kept on calling

Each sin-account, and each falling,
And the stern Judge was on his side.
Still the Son stopped not his pleading,
And oft their forgiveness reading;
By which the court had to abide.

THE SHEEP.

Then the Father changed the finding
Of the culprit, on him binding
A long white robe and golden chain:
"Enter now, thou faithful servant,
Into Heaven. Thou'st been fervent
In believing in my Son's gain."

"WHEN SAW WE THEE HUNGRY AND GAVE THEE
NO MEAT?"

There I saw so many coming,
And the most of them kept humming
Some flattering praises to the Lamb.
Then, when before the court they came,
And in the Lamb's book found no name,
They quickly changed their tunes, and damned.

THE GOATS.

Then in anger they were raving,
For a Master now was craving

Full adherence to his command.
'Twas the Devil who had gained them,
And by trickery retained them;
For full nine-tenths of men were damned.

WHAT LESSONS WE MAY DRAW FROM THE SCENE.

There I stood aghast, observing
Peaceful nature's love conserving
Life's harmony, so bright and good,
Which the judgment came a-foiling;
And its beauty God was spoiling,
In seeking human gore and blood.

WHY DESTROY ENTIRE NATURE BECAUSE OF
MAN'S SIN?

"Is this true, or am I dreaming
Of a scene in life, with meaning
Which I should know and understand?
Shall this fair world now be destroyed,
And benign nature be decoyed
Into it, too, because of man?"

PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOES NOT GOD BELITTLE HIS OWN ABILITIES BY
THE FALL OF MAN?

Close beside me stood a stranger,
Whom I asked: "What caused this danger
To the weal of the human race ?
Is not man by God created ?
By His spirit saturated ?
Then why does He His work disgrace ?"

THE ANSWER WE RECEIVE FROM THE TEACHERS.

"You should know it was the Devil,
Who is always up to evil
In places where his feet get in,
Who became the ruling master,
Through a wager's bad disaster,
By tricking mankind into sin."

IS NOT THE CREATOR GREATER THAN THE
CREATURE ?

"Who can trick the wise and mighty ?
Who believes so must be flighty,

Or much deluded by a whim.
God is ever wise and glorious,
And must always be victorious
Over that which opposes Him !”

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND.

“O mortal man! with searching mind,
You ever seek until you find
The mystic key to the life’s springs;
From whence you came; whereto you go;
What causes life; what makes things grow;
What dams the Soul; and saving brings.”

KNOCK AND IT SHALL BE OPENED TO YOU.

“This scene in life, as shown to you,
Has meanings which will help you to
The religious lore interpret.
Man’s future life, his fallen state,
Salvation, and his tragic fate,
Have by teachers been perverted.”

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT GOD IS.

"Yea, God is great! His will is done:
Though but the image of each one
Who beholds his omnipotence.
He fills immensity of space;
Through the Life-ocean, by his grace,
We are in his omnipresence."

WHERE GOD IS FOUND.

"He's center and circumference
Of everything, with difference
In structure, being, and in form!
He is in and through every law;
He can repel, and also draw;
He is in air, in rock and worm."

WHAT GOD IS LIKE.

"He's soul-like and material,
Crystalline and ethereal,
And He is the Great All-Father;
The chemical intelligence,
Which by its constant diligence
The unfolding life-germs gather."

WHAT RELATION DOES MAN BEAR TO GOD.

"In him we move, in him we live!
Yet has no form till egos give
To Him the same, when through Him born,
And cosmic force is his true name.
All life-egos pass through the same
Organic channels into form.

GOD AS SPIRIT AND GOD AS SOUL.

As spirit, God—in nature's course—
Is everywhere as cosmic force;
But as the Universal Soul
Is reasoning, progressive mind
Evolved from the organic kind,
Till all are under his control.

FAITH.

Although his form we shape and mould
His ever-presence we behold,
And from him food and strength receive;
Man is so made that he can draw
To himself life from Him through law
Of faith, and can himself relieve.

WHAT GOD DOES.

"Whenever he by love is bound

To crude matter, then he is found
In the sexes' close relation.
Then Devil-Hate comes on his course
And causes quarrels and divorce,
Scattering the new formation."

GOD AND DEVIL.

"Hence we find that Good and Evil,
Act the same as God and Devil,
And both are functions of life's state.
When a substance comes between them
They stop quarreling and unite, then
They act as one—which is life's fate."

HOW FAR THEY AGREE.

"And in unison keep moving
In life's pleasure, still improving,
Until it cannot hunger sate.
Then there comes dissatisfaction,
With a quarrel and a friction,
Hence find it best to separate."

LAW OF GROWTH.

"Organic life is a river
Of cell-lives, and keeping ever
The cells at work to feed the soul,

Which in return are by him fed;
Thus food through blood is to them led;
Through birth and death each meets his goal."

DIGESTION.

"The cell-egos manufacture—
By fermenting and cell-fracture—
Two forces which they cannot use.
One is too high, the other low.
The high force does as soul-food go,
Whilst lower lives the lowest use."

ALIMENTATION.

"Thus the food which man is eating,
Causing pleasure at its meeting,
Contains thousands of living cells,
Which are crushed, and mashed, and melted,
In the stomach's furnace smelted
To yield its product which is Hell!"

EXPULSION OF WASTE.

"After yielding up its treasure
It is expelled, with much pleasure;
If long retained it causes pains;
And sickness follows in its wake,



And death will soon him overtake,
If for some cause it still remains."

IT IS THE SOUL WHICH HAS NEED OF THE
AURA GENERATED BY CELL-LIFE.

" 'Tis God's law which does the crushing,
Whilst the Spirit is them rushing
Into the stomach's caldron hot,
Where the Devil tortures, goads them;
From their sex-force he unloads them;
But the ego he touches not."

WHAT PORTION OF THE FOOD IS RETAINED.

"For the sex-force of the cell-life
Goes to feed the body's soul-life;
And cell-ghosts go to higher planes,
There to enter higher sex-life,
And to feed the highest soul-life.
Thus life goes on, and ever gains."

OTHER LIBERATING FORCES OF NATURE.

"There are many solving forces—
Each through Nature ever courses,
As light and darkness, heat and cold—
Which bring to life, and separate;
The old destroy, and new create;
And each step gained the spirits hold."

EVOLUTION OF THE SPIRIT :

"For each ego always chooses
Force like himself, which he uses
To his own hunger satisfy.
Whereby he gains his highest bound
On the unfolding ladder's round,
And is thus saved and glorified."

CHAPTER X.

MAN'S OBTUSENESS OF UNDERSTANDING :

"Who can this subject comprehend,
Or to its highest point ascend!
For life and matter have e'er been.
But tell me how it came about,
So many different forms came out,
Which through creation we have seen?"

EARTH'S SEVEN CREATIVE PERIODS:

"AND THE EVENING AND THE MORNING WAS THE
THIRD DAY."

"Suns, stars and worlds formed on their ways,
On various creation days:

On the earth's third life-egos came
In vap'rous fogs, formed vegetation,
Snakes and fish; from fourth's creation
The fossil monsters make their fame."

"AND THE EVENING AND THE MORNING WAS
THE SIXTH DAY."

"On the fifth the mammalians, grand,
Of all descriptions came to hand,
From models, varied, high and new;
The sixth day was the bipeds' day:
Four kinds of men appeared. They say
That mother Eve came last in view."

"ON THE SEVENTH DAY HE RESTED FROM ALL HIS
WORK."

"The seventh day is now at hand,
And winter has been o'er the land,
Light and darkness have been wrestling
During winter, and the sun's fall—
From whence came sin's own bitter gall:
From new work God has been resting."

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE CREATION OF MAN APPEARS TO THE QUESTIONER.

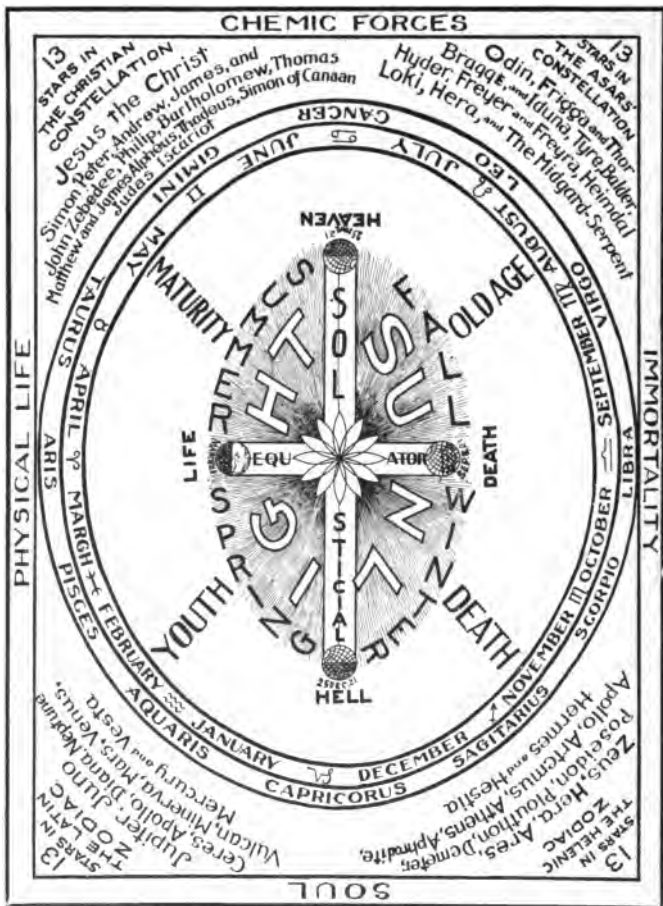
Damnation came through Adam's fall,
Whilst the Creator caused it all;
And did not show omnipotence,
In not sparing His only Son,
And from sin's sting save every one:
Did He then show his competence?

THE LAW OF UNFOLDMENT.

"The molecules from atoms grow;
Through protoplasm egos go,
On the life-unfolding-ladder.
On top we find the human race,
With one foot on the highest place,
And in spirit realms the other.

THE FOUR PERIODS OF LIFE.

"Each living thing has four life-zones:
Spring, Summer, Fall, then Winter comes,
When all lives must be protected.
Each has its morning, noon and night;
Birth, youth, and life, then comes death's flight,
From which each is resurrected."



THE CROSS AND SIX CONSTELLATIONS
HAVING TWELVE SATELLITES
MOVING AROUND ONE
GREAT CENTER.

By this chart we endeavor to represent the true cross. The trinity in the unity of God. The sun for the center of the Chaldean and Cæsarian constellations—or our months of the year.

The earth at the solstitial lines, December 21st, enters the grave and lies therein until the 25th of December, where we find the Savior thus lies in the grave and rises on the 25th. At March 21st, we find the maturity of the Savior, where he commences to create and heal the sick—the spring. And Nature rises from the grave wherein the year at Christmas laid. The solstitial line is crossed by the equatorial line, and has thus one hand nailed to the cross. He rises to heaven on the 21st of June, where His feet are nailed to the cross. He remains in heaven until the 25th of June, whence he descends. And the other hand is nailed to the cross September 21st, when the fall of the year comes to a close; and from thence to December 21st he

dies upon the cross, or descends into Hell, where he remains until December 25th, when he rises from death. The trinity is represented by the Sun, Earth and Sunlight: the earth being crossed by the solstitial and equatorial lines; hence Sunlight is nailed on the earth cross, and is, therefore, Christ.

Now in this constellation we have four periods: spring, summer, fall and winter. In the physical we have also four, namely: youth, maturity, old age and death. Since there is a trinity in the unity of God, there must be four; as three are in one, there must be one to contain them all. This fact nature proves to be true, for darkness is an important factor in life. Darkness is, therefore, the fourth person in the Godhead. Thus: Earth, Darkness, Sunlight and the Sun. And to the physical life-cross we have the soul, where we have youth, maturity, old age, and continuation of life through death: Father—the seed—Mother—darkness—Child and Soul. These are the four seasons on the earth and the physical crosses, and the four persons contained within each respective Godhead: SUN and SOUL, where, in each, one contains the three.

In the Chaldean and Cæsarian constellations we find there are 13 gods, or 12 signs of the zodiac, with the sun for the center, making 13. Twelve months in the year, with the earth for the center, making 13. In the Christian constellation, we find there are 12 disciples, and Christ for the center, making 13. In the Asar constellation, we find there are 12 gods, and Odin for the center, making 13. In the Hellenic constellation, we find there are 12 gods, with Zeus for the center, making 13. And in the Latin constellation, Jupiter for the center and 12 gods, making 13.

This we can extend to Egyptian and to many of the Indian cults, of which we have but slight knowledge, and therefore will not describe them. That they are similar and derived from the same source is shown by the six constellations we have traced. In each there are 12 gods and always a central figure, the greater one for the center, meaning the year; each god representing a month, or a moon cycle, having 12 complete moon cycles. And in the 13th moon cycle, the Hercules, in the Hellenic lore, raises Prometheus, who was bound for the sins of mankind upon the Scythian crag, and thus tortured by

the vultures—Time—until the thirteenth generation, which indicates a year cycle.

The year cycle is greater than the moon cycle; therefore, the year God is always greater than the moon God.

THE CAUSE OF THE CROSS.

"All things that are have opposites.
Each at the axis deposits
The results of its conduction.
Good and evil bring Love and Hate;
Life and death, birth and age create;
Thus a cross is the production."

THE TRINITY IN THE UNITY OF GOD.

"Wise sages have us taught of yore,
God is three in one"—and thus four—
"Co-existent with the Father."
Since, only one contains them all,
The other three into one fall.
Oft this truth does teachers bother.

THE FOUR LIFE-UNFOLDING FORCES IN NATURE.

The Cosmic-Force, Sun, Light and Earth

Are Gods and parents that gave birth
To Spirit, Father, Mother, Soul.
Yet earth-father and earth-mother
Are of the child only mother;
But Darkness does much power hold."

THE CREATIVE FORCES.

"The Earth is dame, the Sun is sire.
He begets Light which does inspire
The spirit growth in the earth-womb,
Where Darkness reigns, whilst the germ grows;
Sun-light brings rain—for friends and foes—
And earth-life rises from his tomb."

THE TRINITY IN THE UNITY OF LIFE:

"I AND MY FATHER ARE ONE."

*"He's one in three, and three in one:
He is the soul, and His own son,
For He of himself is father—
Though growing from the parent tree,
Where the germ is by male set free,
And the soil comes from mother."*

WHY THE SON OF GOD TAKES UPON HIMSELF MAN'S
STATE.

"God's holy spirit is the soul,
In striving for unfoldment's goal.
He is crucified with matter;

And thus becomes Adamic man,
To get unfoldment where he can
His own bondage-fetters shatter."

HOW NEW SPECIES COME INTO EXISTENCE AT EACH
CREATION SPRINGTIME.

"Free souls plunge, each creation morn,
Into a soil-bath and thus form
Species which are both high and new:
By will they hold or let it go;
Thus soul and mortal life they know;
And are unseen or come to view."

EACH CREATION'S FALL-TIME:

"THEY SAW THEY WERE NUDE AND MADE THEM-
SELVES APRONS OF FIG LEAVES."

"But when creation's spring has passed,
And crystal egos are held fast,
No new species come into form
Except they pass through generation,
Nature's hot-house for creation—
Hence are through love by parents born."

"HE MADE THEM DRESSES OF ANIMAL SKINS."

Till the sun's middle autumn days,
Mankind dwelt in peace, and no frays

Were known on earth. O, Happy land!
As fall-time into winter drew,
It changed, and each year colder grew,
Till Eden's bliss fled from the land.

DRIVEN FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

They house and clothing must invent;
They food must store, or much repent
Their gross negligence with sorrow;
Sow, reap and spin they had to learn;
They 'customed indolence must spurn
To provide means for the morrow.

HOW ADAM AND EVE FELL.

Thus Adam fell not down, but up,
He, through unfoldment, spurned sin's cup,
Which brought to the world damnation:
It was not his fall, but the Sun's,
That within his own orbit runs
Into fall-time of creation.

THE FOUR SEASONS IN EACH CREATION PERIOD.

"The earth travels around the sun,
As she for untold years has done;
And each cycle has four seasons.

motion by the soul, and the material returns to earth to again rise into other forms, whilst the soul enters into higher realms, called Heaven. (Christ means crossed, or one who is crossed—hence physical life.) Other Christs placed on other Calvaries have no foundations in nature.

We find the cross (and in India, even the crucifix) existed for many hundred years before the Christian era; it is found on the breast of *Tiglath Pileser*—a colossal tablet from Nimrod, etc.; and when we compare one cult-lore—reading from their traditions and symbols—with another, we cannot help seeing this great fact—that all come from the common source, SUN and SOUL worship.

Sunlight is ever the Savior in the vegetable and animal world. The soul is the Savior in physical life.

THE FORMATION OF THE CROSS ON WHICH CHRIST
IS NAILED.

“Each in the orbit marks a cross,
And when we sift truth from the dross
Of priestly lore: SUN-LIGHT IS CHRIST.
At each sun’s sun’s creation time

We are at his equator's line,
Where the solstitial line is crossed."

HOW EACH NEW CREATION PERIOD COMES ABOUT.

"Then merge from winter into spring,
Which with it many changes bring
To the contour of the surface.
Then old and useless pass away,
And new and useful come to stay,
To the living render service."

THE ORIGIN OF THE MYTHOLOGIES.

"If orbits we divide by four,
Or by the lunar cycles lore,
Among the astral constellations
We find the cross with deities
Of all the old mythologies,
And the Christian revelations."

CHRIST DIES, RISES FROM DEATH, GOES TO HEAVEN,
AND DECENDS INTO HELL.

"December twenty-first, light dies;
He on the twenty-fifth does rise;
March twenty-first is crucified;
And in June he goes to Heaven,
Whence he comes for dead and living;
Then as Savior is glorified."

THE FIRST ADAM'S FALL; THE SECOND ADAM'S
RESTORATION.

"Sunlight is Christ. He saves us all.
The suns are God: They caused the fall;
The Holy Ghost earth germinates.
Light is the one who comes again,
And in his glory does remain.
Germ, earth and light, the soul creates."

HOW PROVEN.

"He gives four seasons of each year,
Through all creation's solar sphere;
And likewise to the human race.
He gives winter, spring, summer, fall,
And life and death, the grave and pall.
New life in spring comes by his grace."

IS THE CREATION'S YEAR LIKE OUR YEAR, MINUS TIME?

The earth is round, and it appears
She has two equal hemispheres,
And in each year two winters cold.
We likewise know that there are two
Bright summer-times brought into view,
Then each year two creations hold?

ONE CREATIVE SEASON IN THE SUN'S ORBIT ONLY.

By observation we have found
The earth's orbit is almost round,
With the sun near its center parts;
But the sun's is a sharp ellipse;
His center's distal point eclipse
His active energies and arts.

Nor like the earth is subject to
Bring on the double seasons through
Equato-Polar hemispheres;
When it is springtime on the sun
To his satellites creations come,
Till middle part of fall is near.

The sun's winter and spring are long,
His summer and fall, short and strong
The seasons in his year are four.
When he is at his solstice line,
And his equator's crossing time,
We have the seasons marked—no more.

WHEN EACH CREATION PERIOD COMMENCED.

Earth six creation days has had,
When all was made—both good and bad.
After each day God has rested;

Creation days commenced with night,
With rest and blessed sleep's delight,
Then at dawn He work has hasted.

WHAT IS MEANT BY END OF TIME.

"The end of time means not its close.
Each season in the next one goes,
And brings life's changes, one by one.
But, at the sun's creation day
Much higher species come to stay.
What lived before it still lives on."

EVOLUTION OF THE SPIRIT.

"The last which comes is highest, best,
And becomes ruler of the rest,
Who, theretofore, held regal sway.
The soul through life unfoldment gains,
And his ability retains
He gathers on progression's way."

THE FORMATION OF NEW SPECIES.

"We are now in the seventh day;
The night has almost passed away,
And God will soon again create:
The new that comes is by election
Of soul-life, and thus reflection
Of matter which they permeate."

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT RELATION OUR ACTS HOLD TO THOSE OF OUR FELLOW MEN.

"Man born of woman, like the flower,
Lives his time, then worms devour
The mortal part, which soon decays.
How do his acts in relation
To other men, in life's station,
Affect his soul's salvation ways?"

"YE ARE GODS AND CHILDREN OF THE MOST HIGH" FROM SPIRIT TO SOUL.

"All life has spirit, yet the souls,
Of all mortals, but mankind holds,
For they to God-hood have attained.
Spirits have immortality,
Still not the soul's ability,
From life's unfolding power gained."

LOVE AND HATE ARE ATTRIBUTES OF THE SOUL.

"The soul has two marked attributes
In harmony which contributes
To his God-like strength and beauty:
And we may term them Love and Hate;
Defending him, or marking fate,
In his pleasure and his duty."

HOW THEY OPERATE.

"Pleading love is always drawing,
And cold differences thawing,
To his power the greater make.
Chilling hate is separating
What disturbance is creating,
And souls try to in bondage take."

THE SOUL IS MAN'S SAVIOR:

*"As light is savior of what grows
And comes to life, and decay goes,
So the soul is savior of man ;
He does opposing forces meet;
In constant fights does them defeat
In life's battles, the best he can."*

THE SOUL SUFFERS ON THE CROSS OF MATTER
FOR HIS SINS, AND IS THEN PHYSICAL MAN:

"He's nailed to the cross of matter:
When in control of the latter,
He has health in physical life.
But when it heeds not his calling,
Disease upon him is falling,
And separation ends the strife."

DOES MAN SUFFER FROM SINS?

"Sins, with all their co-relation,
Bring man no real condemnation,
But only his soul's progress mark;
Yet those he thwarts upon life's way,
Through deeds of justice he must pay,
For each to other's wants must hark."

ALL LIVE FROM ONE COMMON SOURCE:

"Each living thing which on earth goes
Takes its nourishment from what grows
On grand Nature's life-giving tree;
And from that common source, benign,
Progression's course is theirs and mine:
No one is saved till all are free."

THE SOUL CONTROLS THE MATTER WITHIN ITS
OWN BODY:

"Mortal man is but a drama,
Or a changing panorama,
And made thus by his love and hate;
As the body is but motion
Of other lives in Time's ocean,
Held in contact by the soul great."

THEIR DEEDS DO FOLLOW THEM AFTER:

"Those who are damned have been winning
Prizes in the race of sinning,
From which they want themselves to save;
There in anguish they are crying
For their paying of their buying.
Evil surely its own does crave."

THE JUDGES BY WHOM ONE IS JUDGED:

"For *the soul is unrelenting*
On his own deeds, and repenting—
Yet, on good and bad the light shines.
He is his Judge and accuser,
Advocate and prosecutor,
Until he right, through justice, finds."

TO-DAY IS THE JUDGMENT DAY:

"*The Ever-Now is judgment day.*
Resurrection morn is when clay
And soul do part from this life-cross.
The soul and the life forces judge
His acts and deeds, and do them purge
Till free from every sin and cause."

WHERE THE SAVIOR DWELLS:

"*God in man—the Soul—is savior!*

In life's physical behavior
His sin's fire he must pass through;
But cosmic force helps the changes,
Which in graded steps arranges,
'Till he has nothing more to do."

THE LAW:

"'Tis the law of all creation!
'Tis the law for man and nation!
But yet, so little understood!
We must ever strive to make it
As we want it, and then take it
Just as it comes, and call it good."

THE BEWILDERING STATE OF THE MIND WHEN
SEEING THE ERRORS OF A LONG-
ACCEPTED FAITH.

Then he went, and I stood sighing,
Looking, wondering, and vying
With myself, and what there I saw;
As the scenes were still before me,
And my conscience somewhat scored me;
For I did not understand the law.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XIII.

FAITH IMBUED FROM CHILDHOOD IS HARD TO
ERADICATE.

Up to me, then, came my father,
And know not when I was gladder
To meet a man than I was him:
“O, my son! I’m pleased to meet you!
And most heartily I greet you!
But, through Christ, are you free from sin?”

THE HORROR OF TRUTH WHEN IN CONFLICT WITH
FAITH:

“No! My son! I see you’ve fallen
From your faith—which is appalling—
But you have yet five minutes’ time!
Do accept it, and receive it
At this minute! He will give it.
Duty, pleasure, we’ll then combine.”

IT IS EASIER TO BREAK FILIAL TIES THAN AN
ESTABLISHED FAITH:

“Here I cannot tarry longer,
For his calling is much stronger,

And I go to the Lord's right side!
But you, rightly, cannot blame me,
For in childhood I have taught thee
To ever in His faith abide."

THE CONDEMNATION LOVERS OF TRUTH SUFFER.

Then my sisters and my brother
Followed closely one another,
With accusations and with dread.
And my mother came, a-trembling,
Full of heart-love—she resembling
A risen angel from the dead.

THE MOTHER-LOVE BATTLING WITH INBORN FEAR:

"Oh, my son! I know not whether
To go to Heaven, or to rather
Stay with you, John, and go to Hell!
For I love you as a mother
Only can do, and no other!"
This o'ercame me, and so I fell.

FAITH OFTEN MASTERS THE STRONGEST INTEL-
LECT.

In exhaustion I lay sighing,
Perhaps praying, or a-crying—
Whate'er I did, I cannot tell.

Then a man came there and found me,
Put his strong arms firmly 'round me,
And picked me up, and said: "'Tis well."

FEAR OFTEN INTERPRETS THE GOOD AS OMENS
OF EVIL.

And I thought it was the Devil
Taking me to his own level,
And his abode, to torture there,
Saying firmly: "Now, stand up, sir!
Exert your strength, and walk up, sir!
Then come, and follow me with care."

NATURE'S HARMONY SCATTERS OUR FEARS.

In obedience I followed—
Rather in a fear-swamp wallowed—
Yet could not help but look around.
A soft, warm light sent its beaming,
And fond nature's love was teeming;
All was so lofty and profound.

WE SEE THE CHARMS OF LIFE BEST WHEN WE
ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE IT.

Life was charming more than ever,
Paining much from it to sever,
But was then drawing to a close.

He over hills and meadows led;
I in his footsteps forced to tread,
Until we came to two fine roads.

LIFE'S LESSONS VARY.

Then on the southward road we went,
Where the scenes charms to my sight lent;
With lofty shade trees on each side,
Vineyards, orchards and gardens, too.
It was a stately avenue,
With winding course, so even, wide.

WE OFTEN FIND TREASURES OF LOVE WHERE
LEAST EXPECTED.



Through a portal we entered in
To a fine park's delightful scene,
Where lawns were trimmed and fresh
and green.

Among its vines and flowers we wound,
And near some splendid trees we found
A charming cottage in between.

LIFE IS A BUILDER FOR GOOD OR EVIL.

"Behold your future home of rest!
Is it not fine, and of the best?
How will you like to here reside?"

But waited not for my answer,
Opening a door, said: "Walk in, sir;
This is your home, and here abide."

FEAR PREVENTS US FROM ENJOYING THAT WHICH
WE POSSESS.

But I thought that he was hoaxing,
And my expectation coaxing
Up to a high, sublime degree,
For to crush me all the better,
And to even deeper fetter
My poor lost soul in misery.

"In this cushioned chair be seated!
In your home be kindly greeted!"
Then, with a bow, he went away.
But I sat there, quite dumbfounded—
Fear and beauty me confounded—
Where I was put, there did I stay.

THE SPIRITUAL EXISTS PRIOR TO THE MATERIAL.

Still, I could not help observing
What was useful and deserving,
And thus beheld a window frame;
Wherein the sash could be lifted,

And stay where e'er it was shifted;
Each sash had but a single pane.

With softest carpets on the floors;
With charming rugs in front of doors;
All fine as silk and soft as moss;
The locks were in the doors mortised;
The knobs were round, and I noticed
Were made of gold, free from the dross.

WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE GREATEST CALAMITY
OFTEN CONTAINS THE MOST GOOD.

Again he entered, I requesting
Him to be no longer jesting,
But inform me if this is Hell.
"This is your life's toil and labor;
You have earned it! But, as neighbor,
I do not think you named it well."

OUR WORKS DO FOLLOW US.

Smilingly he went on, stating:
"Earth's thought-labors are creating
Duplicates on the spirit shore.
If you choose to term life's earnings
Hell, and from it shape your yearnings,
Hell will follow forevermore.

IN THE MIDST OF MISERY RIGHT DESIRES CAN
CREATE FOR US A HEAVEN:

“This fine home I would call Heaven!
Free from all contentious leaven,
No greater boon can man receive!
If not yet perfect, he can mend,
And from henceforth his follies end.
Here all false steps he may retrieve.”

WHEN WE FIND THE TRUTH WE HASTEN TO DRAW
OUR FRIENDS FROM ERROR:

“This my home? Can I believe it?
Then a moment I must leave it,
And go before the judgment seat
To fetch my mother ere she goes
Before it, where she may find foes,
And here we will her kindly greet.”

IN THE ENDEAVOR TO DRAW OTHERS TO OUR OWN
WAY OF THINKING WE OFTEN BECOME RASH
AND COMICAL, EVEN TO OURSELVES.

Then, in great haste from thence I fled
On my way—with uncovered head,
The mist in drops all o'er me showed;
In it all I had been sitting,

Sleeping, dreaming and forgetting
My weariness and heavy load—

Seeking Mother's dear, gentle face,
To my new home adorn and grace.
No tired feelings now depressed.
With hat in hand I did awake
Running, to Mother overtake,
But now my fancy's vision missed.

CHAPTER XIV.

PREMONITIONS.

'Tis over thirty years ago
Since this vision did to me show
What in after life I've found true:
The locks, the carpets, panes of glass,
The window-frames with sliding sash,
Were then some things I never knew.

Nor did I know that I should see
The grandest land of liberty
Upon this great globe's other side,
With sunny, semi-tropic clime,
With institutions grand, sublime!
Where could the cause of it reside!

I did not question then the lore
My nation and my family bore,
But took it simply for the truth.
Yet in after life have gone the way
Before me which that scene did lay,
Whilst but a small and frightened youth.

"KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE
YOU FREE."

Since then no fear of judgment day
Has strewn fright-thorns on my life's way,
Nor fear of Hell now terrors cause.
Love's harmony shines on life's pass,
And all is mine which nature has;
All goes according to God's laws!



PART V.

CORROBORATIVE COMMENT

Thus ends the lay and story
Of the mental mirage played
On a boy's imagination,
By the priesthood made afraid.
He, in his fancy's vision,
Saw a kaleidoscopic scene,
Which may only there have form,
Yet bears mark of truthful mein.

The facts therein referred to,
Although ample and complete,
Leave many untouched subjects
With faith-mysteries replete.
To help the understanding,
Of what yet to us seems dark,
Will treat on cults and numbers,
To their sacred meanings mark.

CULTS AND SACRED NUMBERS: TWELVE AND THIR-
TEEN.

Twelve is a sacred number
Throughout the mystic lore,
And travels 'round a center,

Hence we add a unit more,
Thus: One plus twelve make thirteen,
We the sacred number call.
Twelve tribes had ancient Israel,
With the Levites priests for all;

Jehovah had twelve angels
To guide this world-estate;
And so had Zoroaster,
To dispense to man his fate;
Jesus had twelve disciples,
Whilst he taught them what to do;
He was for them the center—
They were, therefore, thirteen, too.

Thirteen gods had the Hellens:
And likewise did ancient Rome;
And thirteen had the Asars,
In their blest Valhalla home;
The Astral Constellations
Of the Zodiac are twelve;
In each day are twelve hours,
And the same in night, itself;

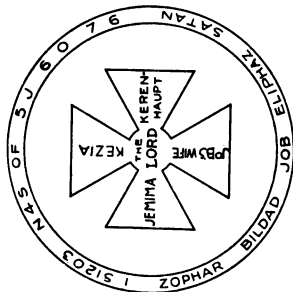
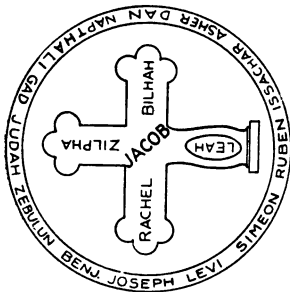
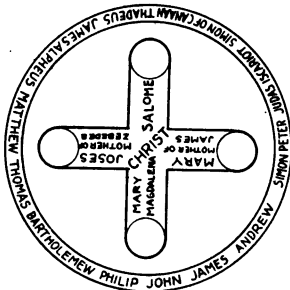
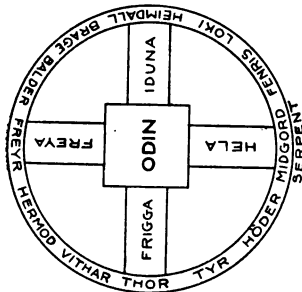
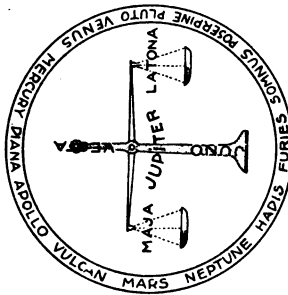
Then, twelve months form a cycle,
As around the sun we go:
From their united labor

What to-day exists, does grow.
The thirteenth is the center
Around which the twelve do move,
Whilst each performs his duty
In his own appointed groove.

CUBES.

The cubes are standard units
Of all weights and measurements,
And form the justice balance
Which society cements.
Four corners has each square plane:
If from each a line we draw,
We find a cross in center—
The emblem of life and law;

And also four triangles,
The compositors of life
Thus: Father, Son and Spirit
With Earth enter into strife;
From whence appear all mortals,
Who assume the form they know,
As through life's narrow portals
Into physical they go.



THE CONSTELLATIONS OF SIX CULTS, EACH HAVING WOMEN ^{FOR THE} SEASONS.

FOUR WOMEN.

In all the cults where twelves are—
Patriarchs, Apostles, Gods—
The center has four women.
Each counsels and applauds.
Four are with Patriarch Israel;
Four with Job; with Christ are four;
Four have Jupiter and Zeus;
And the Asars, too, have four.

The women are to sunlight
The four seasons of the year,
And they cause all the verdure
To spring forth and disappear.
They are the four winds blowing,
By the weather-district points,
And are the four harts showing
Way for Odin on his hunts.

THE SIX CONSTELLATIONS HAVING
WOMEN FOR SEASONS.

In each of these constellations (showing they are from the same source) we find the central figure has four women, who are under his con-

trol, and assist him, or sing his praises. In the constellation of Jacob, we find: Leah, Rachel, Zilpah and Bilhah; in the constellation of Odin, Hela, Freya, Iduna and Frigga; in the constellation of Zeus, Aphrodite, Hera, Athene and Hestia; in the constellation of Jupiter, Juno, Vesta, Maja and Latona; in the constellation of the Lord, or that of Job, Job's wife, Jemima, Kezia and Kerenhaupt; in the constellation of Christ, the mother of Jesus, or James, Mary Magdalena, Joses, the mother of Zebedee, and Salome. Each of these represents a season of the year, and they do not come there by accident, but showing the same origin throughout, for the sign language is much better than the written, as it cannot be successfully perverted. Seeing that we express the godhead in four persons, we find that the physical cross is a representation of the other great nature crosses, and consequently the reason why the Savior is nailed upon a cross. Though the man, as represented on the crucifix, was not found nailed upon the cross as a Christian symbol until after 680, A. D., when at the Sixth Æcumenical Council, held in Constantinople that year, it was decided that the lamb hereto-

fore worshipped by the Christians, Gymnosophists, Neo - Platonists, Essenes and Eclectics should be represented by a man upon the cross—supposed to be Prometheus bound upon the Scythian crag and suffering for the sins of mankind, with the features of Apolloneus of Tyana, the Capadocian Sage. A man nailed on a cross represents how the soul descends into matter and forms physical life. And while upon that cross not only suffers for his own sins and his own infirmities, but also from the sins of his fellowman.

This cross not only extends to the soul of man, but to all physical life—from man down to the very lowest germ life. So long as combined with matter that soul or spirit is upon the physical cross; when he can no longer control the matter within, he becomes diseased and dies, and is, therefore, taken down from the cross, and the soul lives on.

Thus by the body of man upon the cross, the church fathers desire to express the action of soul upon matter before expressed by the Phallic cross. We can, therefore, see the connection between the two crosses—the sunlight on the

stellar cross, and the soul on the physical cross. These constitute the true crosses in nature. Other crosses substituted by other saviors are false.

If we take into consideration that Christ was crucified between two robbers, one repentant and the other scorning, have care of your doctrines lest we prove the Judean Christ is that scorning robber, and the other two nature's Christs, suffering upon nature's crosses for the benefit of mankind.

The third cross, nevertheless, exists, but only in the mind of man, where the psychologistic priestcraft have nailed mankind, and are still torturing them there to-day. But it is a spurious and a false cross, and it depends on the law of the land and on society, but most of all, on the mere will of the person, whether he will permit himself to stay thereon or not.

These crucifiers claim to hold the key to Heaven's bliss. But that, too, is spurious, for the soul alone, in each individual, holds that key.

We again ask: Is it by accident that all these symbols came there, and which resemble each other so closely?

TWO.

A highly sacred number
Is found in the figure two,
As seen throughout creation,
Of whatever comes in view:
Two ears, two arms and two legs,
And two eyes, two hands and feet;
Two parties meet in loving,
And two souls each other greet.

Four corners has a square plane,
And twice three planes has a cube.
These planes enclose an inside,
And this constitutes the cube.
Where parties enter union
In love's bond, with heart and mind,
They must be male and female
To with pleasure be combined.

Earth matter is the female,
And the soul-life is the male,
When entering in love's union,
He to physic-life is nailed.
When the soul makes appearance
On this vast terrestrial globe,
He is veneered in earth-life
In a grand but mortal robe.

EVOLUTION.

Many species may evolve
From a single parent stem,
But must have some fertile germs,
Life and death, to unfold them.
For no living man has seen
A plant, animal or tree,
Change its species during life,
No matter how old they be.

The germs, the worms, the larvæ
And the winged butterfly,
Evolve not beyond their state,
But pass through their forms and die;
The spawn, tadpole and pollywog,
By growth, become a frog;
But there it dies, for froggy
Evolves not into a hog.

But the germ that is contained
In a perfect ripened seed
May grow beyond its parent stem,
And its origin mislead.
Hence, this plainly shows
That the soul alone evolves,
And through it the body goes
Into form, and then dissolves.

THE CENTER NUMBERS IN THE MYSTERIES.

ONE.

One, three, five, seven, thirteen,
Are the sacred numbers grand,
The ever present centers,
Around which some others stand.
One body, mind and spirit;
And one Father, Mother, God;
One birth, one life and one death,
With his hard, chastising rod.

One charming, blissful heaven;
One dark and dreadful gloom;
Within each bosom's leaven
Rises hope and fear of doom;
There is one God Almighty,
Who to other Gods is law,
Who has no form nor limit,
Although seen, yet none Him saw.

FIVE.

Five: Center and a square plane;
The body is a five-limbed tree;
Five fingers on each true hand;
On our feet twice five toes be;
And five external senses,

By which each one we greet;
By which we judge our own selves,
And those we by chance may meet.

SEVEN.

Creation's days are seven,
On the last one God dost rest
From evening until morning,
But creation soon will test.
We find each month has four weeks,
And each week has seven days.
We use six days for labor,
And have one for rest and praise.

Six equal sides each cube has,
But an ego is within;
Each one contains his own soul,
Who is cause of right and sin;
(Only the outside matter
Is beheld by mortal eye,
The unseen is the potent,
Causing acts, or acts defy.

The air we breathe we see not,
But its potency well know;
The magnet and electric force
By their actions themselves show;

All chemic forces and all souls
Are unseen, and yet they act—
They cause the forms which we see,
Thereby demonstrate their fact.)

THE EDENIC PERIOD.

Unseen the gods exist now,
And of old by men were seen,
And in man's petty troubles
They with pleasure stepped between.
The demi-gods and heroes
Were men who had no fear,
As before their opponents
They could come, or disappear.

They oft engaged in quarrels—
Mostly o'er the fairer sex—
And fought in bitter conflict,
When disturbers did them vex.
Death the gods never suffered,
But giants and heroes died;
The demi-gods their bodies
Could dissolve—thus death defied.

The gods have man created,
And formed from the earth's soft clay;
One always dwells within him—

As the soul of man to-day.
They came in spring and summer,
Past the sixth's creation's noon,
Till power to shape their own forms
They no longer held as boon—

For, at creation's springtime,
Spontaneously comes life,
Which during fall and winter
Comes through husband and the wife.
Till then, in Eden's garden,
Man was happy and content;
But the gods formed him a woman,
Who was much on mischief bent.

They gave to Epimetheus
Pandora—his life to charm—
And a vase which, when opened,
Brought to man disease and harm;
When Adam of his pleasure
Got weary and fell asleep,
From a rib the gods formed Eve,
Who has made him love and weep.

When Ask, in bliss, got Embla—
Charmed by Odin, Vili, Ve—

The Midgard's light and blessings
Were exchanged for misery.
In Egypt, India, China,
And on old Euphrates' shores,
Are many similar legends,
In their ancient, mystic lores.



As a conservatory
She is a necessity
For the gods who enter earth-life,
And for their posterity.

It is by her permission
That man lives here to-day.
By her the gates Elysian
Opened are for him, they say.

THE DEVIL AND THE SERPENT.

An Eden has each cult-lore
Where once happiness was found.



In each man was made wicked,
And to evil firmly bound
By Devil and a serpent,
Who were crafty, tricky, mean,
Causing man to fall in sin
Wheresoever they were seen.

And each a god empowers
To crush the vile serpent's head;
Yet man's heel is ever stung,
For, though crushed, he is not dead.
When gods o'er sinning angered,
They a watery deluge sent
To destroy sin and sinners;
But to some each mercy lent.

Deucalion and Noah,
From a devastating flood—
Each by his god—were rescued,
Because they were true and good.
From them sprang many races,
But remained not very pure,
Who took the sinners' places,
And their sufferings now endure.

WHY EACH CULT HAS A SERPENT.

The Serpent is an emblem
Dreadful, and likewise grand;
Of death it teaches lessons,
And we loathe its coiling band.
It likewise is an emblem
Of the soul's life immortal;
And its awful jaws and poison
Reminds of Death's dark portal.

It can wind around itself,
Like a strong, united chain;
And each year it sheds its coat,
While it does a new one gain.
When nearing Winter frost-line,
It goes into sleep, or dies;
When it gets warm, in springtime,
From that state it does arise.

The Asar's Midgard serpent—
The air and the equator—
May be enemy to life,
Yet is its generator.
Each is possessed by Darkness
During fall and winter times,
For death's crop Hela harvests
During night in Arctic climes.

THE DELUGE.

THE REASONS FOR THIS UNIVERSAL TRADITION.

All cult lores hold a legend
That a flood submerged the earth,
Where many met their sad ends,
With their culture, wealth and worth.
Each cult was warned by prophets
To themselves in vessels save,
For a flood would come upon them,
Yet in boats they it might brave.

Or climb some mentioned mountain
Where the gods would, by their grace,
Extend their kind protection—
Only found at such a place.
They heeded not their warnings,
But them by derision met;
Yet those who did obey them
Had no causes for regret.

THE CAUSES OF THE FLOOD.

Earth's pent-up chemic forces
A vent with explosion found,
With such immense upheaval
That the earth one-fourth turned 'round;

And the cold, polar ice fields
Journeyed to equator's line,
While equatoric regions
Then the south and north poles find.

For the internal fires
Burst forth, and the sea broke in—
Midst rain-clouds and midst vapors,
Midst storm-winds and midst din—
Flowing over land and hilltops,
Where the whole sea swept about;
Gas and metallic vapors
Into space from thence gushed out.

THE BIRTH OF THE MOON.

In toils and convulsions
Earth her first-born child begot,
And midwife, Deep-Blue-Azure,
The Moon to her bosom caught.
In her birth throes many people,
With Flora and Fauna, found
Their death and their destruction,
For they by that flood were drowned.

Still, some survived to tell it,
And hand down to us the acts;
But their reasons for its coming
We can not accept as facts.

They say: "The gods got angry,
For man worshipped not them right,
Hence caused that fearful deluge
On their own work to put blight."

A BETTER REASON FOR THE COMING OF THE
FLOOD.

For the causes of that flood
We have much greater reason:
In spring, likewise in summer—
Of all years of creation—
The forces are held loosely,
So that all the earth expands,
But in fall and in winter,
Cold contracts the surface bands.

Contraction brings in contact
All the chemic forces more;
Which act and create gases;
Cold still closer locks the door,
Until the crust bursts 'sunder;
Air and water then flow in,
Causing more chemic action:
Heat, fire, convulsion, din.

And these raised up the surface
In high mountain chains and vales;

And some sank in the ocean,
Where the island chains tell tales.
The earthquakes and volcanoes
Show chemic action with their vents;
As creation's summer near us
They become of past events.

*Three general upheavals
Since organic life found birth,
The mountains bear us witness,
Have occurred upon this earth.
The last one was the deluge,
By traditions of mankind,
Which brought that vast destruction
We are taught to keep in mind.*

PROOFS OF THE TURNING OF THE POLES.

We find in polar regions
Signs of equatoric life,
Where in frozen grasp still rests
The proof of a fearful strife.
There mastodon and parrots,
Giraffes, tigers and gazelles
Are found in great life-likeness.
Each his wonder story tells.



WHAT THEY HAVE FOUND AT THE POLES.

Last summer, on a mountain
On the shores of Behring Sea,
A vessel with its riggings,
By report, was found to be
In a petrified condition;
Altitude four thousand feet;
Discovered by a miner,
Who sought gold, and game for meat.

Lest none believed his statements,
He explored, and found the hold,
And in it some utensils
Which for him his story told.
And when for his companions
He his findings did relate,
It caused merriment and laughter
To his truthlessness berate.

On showing them the relics
They in chorus changed their tune:
"From whence did you obtain them?"
"Show to us your precious boon."
Each plead; and all went to it;
And there each some relic found.
If so, that ancient vessel
Brought some lives to firmer ground.

They also found a city—
'Round it many tropic trees—
Resting in deathlike silence,
Whilst fanned by the arctic breeze.



The streets were smooth and glassy,
And paved by the ice of time;
No watchers on its towers,
And no church bells rang in chime.
They called, and they were answered:
"Disturb not our peaceful sleep."
The answer was the echo,
Hence the lonely strangers weep.

Though none came forth to greet them,
Yet they forcibly proclaim:
"We lived before the deluge;
Our, once tropic, homes remain."

These findings prove the legends.
Thus the past we clearly know.
The earth marks three upheavals,
And one change of axis show.
This overwhelming deluge
Came in last creation's fall,
Shown by the tropic fauna
Which the frigid zones empall.

The forest, ship and city,
Which but lately have been found,
May speak in plainer language
Of the ancient cults, profound,
Than any other records
Which have yet been brought to view,
Of antedeluvic people's
Habits, and culture, too.

WHAT THEY MAY FIND AT THE POLES.

Here, too, we may find entrance
To old Eden's garden gate,

Once by a fire-sword guarded,
But now found in frozen state.
Here, likewise, flow four rivers
Out from, and into, their source.
They are the cold wind currents
And the gulf-streams in their course.

And the 'Tree of Good and Evil
Here firmly strikes its root,
As rain and summer showers
Have their fountain at its foot.
The bards and minstrel singers
Find here ample facts to show
As proof for their sagas
Once from inspiration's flow.

THE SACRED DAYS.

All cults have quarter feast days
Which are fixed, for moon and sun
Do mark their time and season,
As they in their orbits run.
The Christmas, claimed by Norsemen;
The Easter, claimed by Jews,
And Sabbath—our Sunday—
Now three cults, as sacred, use.

THE PASSOVER AND LORD'S SUPPER.

Passover and Lord's Supper
Sprang from the Bacchian feast
Where they drank the blood of Gea,
Which the vine from her released;
And feasted on Prometh'us,
From his Scythian rocky bed,
Transformed into fruit and grain,
And thence into flesh and bread.

To gain from God His mercy
Each cult offers on these days
Meat, blood, wine and shew-bread,
Chants, prayers and priestly lays.
But o'er the sacred Sabbath
The three cults with wrath contend;
Each claims it keeps the right one,
And the other two must mend.

WHICH DAY IS THE SABBATH DAY?

Let us show by a story
How the difference came about:
A pious Jew had three sons,
Where through want two must move out.
"My house is small and simple,
And my fields yield not enough;

You have now grown to manhood;
Here your life sea will be rough.

"Two go and seek your fortunes,
And with me one stay at home;
My blessings shall go with you,
As you through the world shall roam.
But, promise me, my children,
To keep pure the Sabbath day,
Or curses, and not blessings,
Shall go with you on your way.

"'Tis hard for me, this parting,
But I am now old and blind,
And shall go to my fathers,
But leave naught undone behind.
First, swear by God, the holy,
To keep pure his Sabbath day;
Then one of you go westward;
One go eastward, on the way.

"When Fortune smiles upon you,
And you, after many a year,
Again shall seek your old home,
You will find your brother here.
And if I yet should linger,
Then my joy would overflow,

When informed of your fortune,
And the fields you buy and sow."

Thus spake the aged father.
And their journeys two pursued.
Each kept the sacred Sabbath,
And no day did them elude.
Years passed; and yet they traveled,
Finding pleasure, wealth and name,
And knowledge, wisdom, virtue,
Whilst before them went their fame.

One day all met together
At their dear, old childhood home.
Each 'round the world had traveled,
And had by the same road come.
"Be welcome, dearest brothers!
To-morrow, a feast I'll give,
And invite our kin and neighbors
To rejoice that we all live.

"The Lord with wealth has blessed me,
He has wife and children brought;
My fields are not now scanty,
Because others I have bought.
We've milk and wine, abundant
Of cattle, and sheep in flocks.

They will but slightly suffer,
If we feast, so no one mocks."

"Nay, not to-morrow, brother,"
Said he who was westward sent;
"I promised to keep Sabbath—
And Father's blessing with it went.
I've kept it, and have prospered,
Though here Father is no more;
Will keep his mem'ry holy,
And the oath I to him swore.

"To-morrow is the Sabbath,
And pray, keep it holy, too,
And draw not down the curses
He from heaven sends on you.
If you neglect its keeping
And you follow other gods,
Evil shall come upon you
With the stripes from many rods."

"To-morrow is but Friday,"
Said he who at home remained:
"If you have kept the Sabbath,
You have then a whole day gained."
"Oh, no, my dearest brothers!"

Said the one who had gone east,
"To-morrow is but Thursday.
You can well bestow your feast."

"I, too, have kept the Sabbath;
Wherefore God has blessed me well.
I've walked in brother's footsteps,
And can his experience tell.
Both of you have been erring,
And both have your oath forgot;
But I have kept mine sacred,
And Jehovah's blessing sought."

"Nay. Say not so, my brother!
If this Wednesday is to you,
You lost one day in travel,
And will clearly prove it, too."
Then morrow's feast got ready,
Calling kin and neighbors in;
But one did not attend it—
As to him it was a sin.

The other two got angry,
And they fought him hand to hand.
They called him: wicked Moslem,
And then drove him from the land.
"To-morrow, dearest brother,"

Said the one who had gone east,
"In return for your kindness,
I will give to you a feast."

"Not so. It is the Sabbath,
And it holy is to me.
You, like our erring brother,
The right day have lost I see."
"'Tis falsehood, and you well know
That but Friday this day is;
With my escorts I can show,
That I not a day did miss."

Thus the whole family quarreled,
Because each one kept his day
Of his account and record,
And to no one would give way.
Now, some believe Mohammed;
And yet some that Israel;
Whilst some say Christians only
Can exactly the day tell.

The Moslem says, "'Tis Friday;"
Jews, "'Tis Saturday, we know;"
The Christians say, "'Tis Sunday,
And we have the proofs to show."
Yet no one knows exactly.

From which day to count the time;
But in mem'ry of creation
One in seven keep in line.

BAPTISMAL RITES.

All cults say man is sin-born,
And from God's great mercy lost;
All have grace restorations,
For which each must pay the cost.
The Jews have circumcision—
An Egyptian rite of old—
All others have baptism
To bring man into God's fold.

Brahmins immerse and sprinkle;
Christians sprinkle and immerse.
Each contends o'er the right way;
Each salvation thus confers:
Yet baptism is an emblem
From traditions of mankind
To teach how soul and matter
Are in physic-life combined.

ARKS, ALTARS, PRIESTS, PROPHETS AND WIZARDS.

All cults have sacred altars
On which they offer sacrifice,

With priestly cults attending,
Who their meaning mystifies.
In a box they keep some relics
Having occult virtues' mark,
And are by high-priests guarded,
Like the covenant and ark.

The contents have great virtue.
Those who understand their power
Are known as holy prophets
And seërs, at this hour.
If from another cult-lore,
He is called a wizard low;
Those who accept his teaching
Give true piety a blow.

Their wizards, priests and prophets
Claim two kinds of magic arts,
By which they rule the people
Peacefully—with tragic parts.
But they are now filled with fear
Lest we their crafts devour,
Since we know that magic comes
From the mind's suggestive power.

FROM WHENCE AND WHERETO.

All people ask, "From whence came we?
For what? and whereto we go?"
And all cults their prophets have,
Who the future claim to know;
As to them the gods reveal—
By touching their psychic eye—
The hidden truths man hungers for
On earth, and those on high.

Of revelations only theirs
Are good, and come from gods;
All others are from Darkness,
Full of lies, deceit and frauds.
Such dogmas are not mentioned
Till the cult is gray and old,
When knowledge is increasing,
And they want to prestige hold.

Yet many wholesome lessons
Are imbued by each and all.
When young, all are benignant;
And when old, by greed they fall.
Yet truth remains eternal,
And lives, although priesthoods die,

Remaining fresh and vernal,
And destruction does defy.

GOLDEN IMAGE.

When they heed right no longer,
But to a golden image bow,
They make the paths of future
As thorny as they know how.
When Job got rich and mighty,
Daily sacrifices burned
To appease the good Creator
His children, in revels, spurned.

When Abrah'm became wealthy,
Offered Isaac, to God appease;
And in the desert, Israel
To a golden calf bowed knees;
The great king, Neb'chadnezzar,
A vast, golden image made;
The people, and the rulers,
Then he worship it them bade.

When the Christian Church got mighty,
Salvation for money sold;
She now with her pretensions,
Bows before a calf of gold.

When gold becomes the idol,
Then it indicates decay;
With bigotry, it ruin brings
At some near future day.

THE ABODE OF THE SOUL.

Each cult-lore has a region
Where souls go beyond the tomb;
Where virtue leads to glory,
And evil to pain and gloom.
Where three fates guard the pathway—
The future, the present, past—
Who ask of each his record,
For his life deeds hold him fast.



THE GOLDEN RULES.

All show glorious examples
Of soul-virtues' highest code,
Leading man's thought tow'rd heaven,
On life's upward, thorny road.
"Do thou unto others what
Thou wouldst they should do to thee."
"With kindness greet thy neighbors,
And thou happiness shalt see."
"Compelst thou not another

THE LAMB ON THE CROSS.

This cut of the lamb nailed to the cross represents the Christian symbol prior to 680, A. D., though this fact is not generally known. At the Sixth Æcumenical Council held at Constantino-ple in that year, it was ordained that, in place of the lamb, the figure of a man should be portrayed on the cross. This has been known and recognized since that time as the Christian symbol. After the decree of that council in 680, A. D., the representation and worship of the lamb on the cross was prohibited, and that of the man was substituted in its place. In the *Roma Sotteranea* of Antonio Bosio Dell, concerning the image of Christ under the figure of a lamb, the decree of the council prohibiting the representation and worship of the lamb as the Christian symbol, as translated from the Latin, is as follows:

“In certain representations of the images of the saints, a lamb is portrayed, etc. We, therefore, accepting the old forms and shadows as signs of the truth and as traditional symbols of the Church, prefer Grace and Truth, which we accept as the fulfillment of the law. So, that

which is perfect, let us place in pictures, even before the eyes of all. We have decreed that that Lamb, which taketh away the sins of the world, Christ our God, ought to be portrayed henceforth in human form in place of the Lamb."

The thirteenth generation
He from bondage himself frees;
For a god each month is born,
But a stronger each year sees.
For the fallen, Christ was slain,
But he rose from death and grave;
Each year a year-god dies,
Yet new life in three days crave.

And the Son of God—the Soul,
In the body's prison-cell,
Like the gods, from chains get free
When, through death, he says farewell.
But his deeds ever follow
On his course, where'er he goes;
And the crops he must harvest
From the self-same seed he sows.

But SAVIORS, by their virtues,
Have righteousness attained;
Hence they can help the sinner,
Whom iniquity has stained.
THEY FREELY GIVE SALVATION,
Through faith and obedience;
BUT EACH MUST BEAR THE BURDENS
OF HIS OWN DELIVERANCE.

They teach that God is jealous
And wants homage to Him paid;
Or, in His supreme justice,
He the needy will not aid.

*Yet, love for one another—
More than love for any god—
Is the way to blissful Heav'n,
And to angels' highest laud.*

CONFLICTING FORCES.

Two forces find in conflict;
One is right, the other wrong:
Darkness and Light are waging
Their constant wars along,
And neither is victorious;
Where Light comes, Night flies away.
Though Light is grand and glorious,
Night always follows day.

Thus giving rise to rainfall,
Which all life with water feeds,
From early spring till winter,
To bring forth the crops and seeds.
Sunlight expands the waters,
And the vapors rise on high;
While the cool, dark night condenses,
So the dew and rains draw nigh.

RIGHTEOUS JOB'S CONSTELLATION.

Seven sons and three daughters,
With himself and wife, had Job
When Satan him afflicted,
For his glory to disrobe.
Satan, by three friends, argued
That Job's life was full of sin,
Wherefore God caused him downfall
For his disobeying him.
Like in all mystic circles,
God by seven elites sends
Light, and by five sends Darkness—
Thus, Job, Satan and three friends—
And a woman, for each season;
But sons and daughters die,
Thus with anguish drawing him
To destruction very nigh.

Instead of by hope lifting
Job from his bitter sorrow,
They, under friendship's token,
His heart-field's sufferings harrow.
Yet, he only plead for justice,
By his ever righteous talk,
And even God he challenged
To show evil in his walk.

Still, Satan won his wager,
As Job before God was crushed;
But arose again more mighty,
And the tempter's tongue was hushed.
For brighter sons and daughters
Came again to him and wife;
And greater herds for slaughter;
More years prolonged his life.

ARCH-ANGEL SATAN.

Of Jehovah's twelve arch-angels
Were found but seven good;
For Satan gathered forces,
And a conflict with him stood.
Then Michael led his seven;
Among five was Satan chief;
And they had war in heaven,
Where the rebels came to grief.

For Michael conquered Satan
And in chains securely bound;
Then threw him into darkness,
Where soon he freedom found.
Satan, as well as Loke,
Was of God's most trusted band,
And, like Disciple Judas,
Gave the good into Death's hand.

But each was put in bondage,
And bound by his fated cord;
Yet, Judas, only, dying,
While the others sow discord.
[Of the cube, however held,
We can only three sides view,
The others are in darkness;
In virtue there are but two.

There's but a dark and light side,
Not of equal length of time,
For light stealthily encroaches
And forms a twilight line.
Darkness is five to seven
Bright periods of light;
Three thereof are Hell and grave—
Death's gloomy, dreary night.]

They are the winter season,
Darkness, death and yawning grave,
Which makes each life uncertain,
Although lived by warriors brave.
Winter, the Hoar Frost Giant,
Thor's hammer in spring does strike,
And over him gains vict'ries,
Yet his injuries are slight.

He, during winter, captures
What in summer he has lost;
From Odin's crop he harvests,
At the living worker's cost.
During winter of creation
He is more potent still,
With each yearly revolution
More subject to his will.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS.

Hœder, for Lok' slew Balder;
Thus are Lok' and children bound
By mystic chains, the Summer,
Forged in Jotonheim and found.
In winter he does break them,
And his evil forces frees

To wage war on Valhalla,
For the Asar Gods to seize.

Until the sun stops going
Further on his downward road,
And during his solstices
Before the ascending node,
The Asars ride o'er Bifrost
To Vigrid's field defiant.
Loke and forces from Hel
They meet, and the Frost Giant.

The Giallar Horn for battle,
Heimdall, the gods' sentry, blows,
Causing all things to vibrate,
As through universe it goes.
They meet the gods in battle,
And fall—the gods expire;
Frost Giants are then mighty,
Destruction their desire.

Each year the gods do perish,
And in gloom are laid away;
In darkness and in silence
They must meet their judgment day.
Then the Sun Giant, Surter,



Comes, in haste, from Muspelheim,
With fire before and after,
To the battlefield, in time.

There he three days is victor
At the South Pole, and supreme;
Whence, turning his light northward,
He is, after three days, seen.
Thence goes from South to North Pole;
And from North to South again.
He is the judge and juror
Of the Asar gods then slain.



THE KEY 'TO ODIN'S WHEEL.

Odin's Wheel is the key to the Asar's or Odin's cult-lore, but of a later origin than Thor's Hammer. It was probably introduced into Odinism eight hundred or a thousand years before Christ by the JES-ites from Phœnecia: called by the Celts IES, and by Odins and Druids Hes, meaning Sun God. It consists of a circle—the rim of the wheel, meaning unbroken continuity—and a right-angled cross, forming the four spokes of the wheel, mitered together in

the hub and held in situ by a wedge. The spokes thus fastened signify spirit crossing matter in the womb, forming physical life. It also represents the solstitial and equatorial lines, and thus each spoke is represented by a goddess; and each represents her own respective season of the year or life.

The hub represents the center, or the Vergelmer fountain, from which springs twelve streams. These streams are the twelve Asar gods, the twelve signs of the zodiac, or the twelve months of the year, and even the twelve disciples of Jesus. The hub also represents Odin, the year or center around whom the gods move. Over this center—Vergelmer fountain—the tree of life, Yggdrasil, grows. This tree has three large roots, and each root extends to a fountain. One root extends to Mimar's fountain found in Jotunheim, and is carefully tended by the often mirthful, but sometimes dangerous, Giant Mimar.

Jotunheim means the soil and subsoil, as well as water veins. One root extends into Niflheim to Nidhögge's fountain. Nidhögge is a poisonous Adder which gnaws its roots. Niflheim means

darkness, the grave, deep into the earth; Nidhögge, physical death.

The third root extends to Udar fountain, which is situated in Muspelheim—the Sun—and is guarded by three Nornor—Udar, the past; Verdandi, the present; Skuld, the future. It is the way to Heaven for those who pass through physical life.

These Roots also extend to the deepest of depths, and the tree, Yggdrasil, sends its branches to the highest of heights.

Earth was formed by Odin from the body of the Giant Ymir. Ymir is condensed or solidified nebulous matter. Odin is the son of Bor, the Sun—hence Sun Light or cycle god. He has two brothers, Vili—Vegetable, and Ve—Animal life. Bor is the son of Bori—the Sun of Suns. Bori was the offspring of the giant race and Audhumla—inorganic life. Audhumla, a cow, meaning cosmic force or spirit. She licked the hoar frost in Niflheim, and on the third day Bori sprang into existence.

Niflheim means nebulous matter, acted on by Audhumla means inorganic life, and is situated in Genungagap. Genungagap means the Uni-

verse. The giant races mean Darkness, and the various natural forces in opposition to, but conquered and used by life and light.

Odin has twelve sub-gods, the months of the year, the signs of the zodiac, etc. Three are of the giant races, but by their service to the gods have become part of them. Two of the gods are intermarried with the giants. Hence Tyr lost one hand by the bite of Fenris, and Höder—January, the Asar winter god—slew Balder, June. Thus the Asars have five gods of or related to the giant races.

Nine Asars are the progeny of Odin and Frigga, while but seven are purely light gods: Thor, the first son of Odin—Odin, the year god, Sunlight. Thor, thunder, lightning and rain. Thus spring and summer are victorious over the giant races and slay them everywhere. Heat, light and darkness cause thunder, lightning and rain. Loke was the most wily of the gods—the calumniator—full of resources, deception and tricks. He was jealous of the light gods, especially Balder, the god of Summer—June.

Höder—January—the twin brother of Balder—June—is blind. Hence, through the deception

of Loke, Darkness, slew Balder by the mistletoe. The mistletoe is a parasite growing on Yggdrasil, and sends its branches in all directions, signifying crawling both ways, like a crab.

June extends beyond the solstitial line, hence blind Winter sends an arrow and slays Summer. From this time Loke is an enemy to the gods of light, and is bound in chains and tortured by poison from a serpent, the equatorial line, until the 21st of September, when he breaks his chains and frees himself, and together with the Frost-Giants wages constant war on the Asars, until all the Light Gods are slain, and he, himself, falls, and the Frost-Giants remain victors of the field. But the Giant Surtur—returning light—comes with fiery light (returning light looks fiery in the morning and evening) and becomes victorious, for All-Father, the Sun, creates a new year and the gods are resurrected, for one year follows another.

Ragnarök—the Judgment Day—are the three winter Moon cycles on earth, or the gods of Darkness; and the three-twelfth's of the sun's cycle, each being known as the winter season of the respective cycle. The three days of nearly

equal length on the solstitial line on the northern hemisphere near the Arctic circle devoid of sunlight is the burial of the gods, and is the Grave and Hell of the Scriptures.

Passing the solstitial line and beginning of the year is the rising from death or birth of the gods, and is in the sign of the goat—Capricornus. Thus the Year God, or Savior, is born in a stable, and the reason why a goat is chosen by the Israelites to bear away their sins.

In one cut of Odin's Wheel we have placed a cow—Audhumla—licking the rim of the wheel, signifying cosmic force is an ever-active reformer.

Sirimner, the Boar, is slain and eaten by the Asars every day, but rises during the night to go through the same process again and again; signifying how vegetation, which draws its nourishment from earth, is consumed by animals, and animals by man, and the excreta returning to earth to enter into other vegetation, to be eaten and re-eaten, again and again.

Midgard, serpent, signifies unbroken continuity, in which life and death are in constant conflict, and is: the air and the equator. *Odin*, the

Year God, *is said to be a one-eyed, mighty god in peace and valor.* He has two ravens—Hugi and Muni—sitting on his shoulders, who fly out over the universe—Genungagap—every day and return and whisper in his ears what transpires—thought and memory. He is the creator, sunlight, the great cycle's god. Thor, as thunder and lightning god, is the Reformer, and the great warrior and slayer of the giants. He has a hammer, a glove and a belt. When clothed with these he is irresistible. The hammer, the oldest cross known, is composed of three cubes—Odin, Vili and Ve; one often sharpened to a triangle. The center cube has a handle mortised into it which is twice as long as the hammer; signifying the stages through which physical life must pass: The mineral, vegetable and animal. The handle—seed, soul, physical death and immortality. The belt is time, the glove is intellect and application.

Loke—Darkness—is bound by the chains of summer. Sigyn, his wife—moonlight—guards over him, and catches the acrid poison, the dew, in a cup. That is, she catches the dew and thus sends night frosts during fall-time, destroying the tender vegetation and crops.

What is true of the Odinic cult-lore is true of all the other religious cult-lores, as the charts herein will plainly show, for one is but a slightly divergent copy of the other.

GRAVE, HELL AND RESURRECTION.

In the grave three days and nights
The Savior of man was laid,
And to victorious Hell
The whole debt for all life paid;
For over death he conquered
And regained his life again;
And went from thence to glory,
For a short time to remain.

After three Moon cycles, death
Is in Ragnarök supreme
Three days—then the gods arise,
Their full power to redeem.
At each creation's morning
The vict'ry is more complete;
And with each yearly gleaming
Frost and darkness must retreat.

Until creation's summer,
When the heavens and the earth
Are transformed into new beauty,
Where is naught but joy and mirth.
A heaven on earth, most glorious,
Do the risen gods create.
And Hela returns her victims
To Balder in glory sate.

There to discover that all
He loves are likewise there,
In form the same, in beauty
They are thousand-fold more fair.
Old, trusted friends, and cherished,
Greet each other there, anew,
Relating scenes of Asgard,
What they did in Midgard do.

These are God and Bible dramas
Of life-causes upon earth;
For each year a year-god dies,
In three days returns, through birth.
The Sun of Suns, All-Father,
Has ordained and so decreed,
That spring shall follow winter,
Hela's power to recede.

For the gods so loved the world,
That they gave to her the sun,
That who in his light abides
An immortal course shall run.
What sunlight is for earth-life
The soul-ego is for man;
He is his saving glory,
And does evil from him ban.

These parts are in life's drama,
And the actors are each one
Who enters into earth-life,
Which in cycles also run;
And through the cycle's seasons,
On the earth, on moon and sun,
Of each, when in parts quartered,
Hela's portion is still one.

IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?
Death's dreary mantle, winter,
Some time over us shall lie,
Yet cannot hide us always,
For the soul can never die!
When man by death is conquered,
And we lay the corse away,
When darkness seems the master
Holding us in regal sway;

When friends are bowed in anguish,
And the world seems full of gloom,
When life has lost its brightness
In the shadow of the tomb,
Then know: Spring follows winter,
And summer shall come again;
That the soul lives in glory,
And shall greater glories gain.

That the loved form which you lay
In dark, dreary, death abodes
Contains no more your lost friend,
But his worn and cast-off clothes.
And yet, even these shall rise
Into other forms again;
The cell-spirit never dies
Nor from active work refrain.

Know: That the soul is victor
O'er matter of every kind!
Here we may not his glory see,
Whilst with mortal form combined,
For the physical does die,
And its earth returns to earth,
But the spirit is set free,
And through death receives new birth.

And the soul resumes his station
In the heavenly mansions grand,
Where his true unfoldments lead him,
In the bright, bright summerland;
But may return to earth-life
When creation's spring shalt come.
In the meanwhile we shall meet them
In that blessed heavenly home.

During the winter of 1883-4 the writer was visiting friends in Bigstone City, Dakota. In company with James Manley, Geo. P. Hallock, and families, we tried who could be thrown into an hypnotic state the soonest.

Mrs. Mary Hallock became affected the first, passing through the various hypnotic stages, obeying the will of the operator completely. Finally she entered the interior state, known as the independent stage, for she seemed no longer a subject of the operator.

While in this state she visited many places and described many things to us, of which we then had no knowledge, but which, on investigation, proved to be correct.

Among other things she described was a series of tableau scenes we may well call: *Life's Pathway From the Cradle to the Tomb*, which we have set to verse as nearly as she described the same. As these scenes were related for our special benefit, we take the liberty of putting it in here.

When awakened from her trance the mind seemed blank. She knew nothing of what had transpired; but on being put into that state again and commanded to remember what she had done, said or seen while in the previous trance, on awakening she was simply amazed, declaring that state to be the most glorious experience in her life.

The scene was exhibited by a person who called himself Doctor Marlett, or something like that, whom she afterwards personated. This individual was unseen to the rest of the party, yet claimed his own personality, and that he lived and labored upon earth several centuries ago.

This case is a peculiar one, because it occurred while in a mesmeric or hypnotic trance.

LIFE'S PATHWAY FROM THE CRADLE TO THE TOMB.

A person robed in purest white
Came, one night, in my dream,
With soothing voice, like ripples light,
From Heav'nly realms he seemed,
Saying: "O Sleeper! Wouldst thou know
Life's pathway thou must tread,
As from cradle to the grave dost go,
But of it have no dread?"

And then a scene I saw arise
Wherein two babies sleep;
And—fairy-like, each baby lies—
For joy two mothers weep,
Each kneeling by her darling fair,
And thought her babe a pearl,
Smoothing gently the silken hair
Of a boy and a girl.

"Sleep in bliss, babes," the stranger said;
"Life's thorns may sting your feet;
Dream sweetly in each cradle bed,
And may no storms you beat."
I, gazing at the scene so fair,
Thought: "There can be but flowers

And sunshine for this charming pair,
And none of life's hard showers."



The scene grew dim, the stranger said,
As he gently brought to view
A charming picture in its stead:

"This is of life more true."
Two lovely children are at play—
Their books and slates aside—
Spending in mirth their holiday
In meadows green and wide.

They chase each other o'er the lea,
And both so happy are.
They gather flowers fair to see,
No troubles do them mar.
The stranger said: "'Tis life's fair morn
For this bright girl and boy;
May roses grow without a thorn,
And their lives be but joy."

He changed this youthful, pleasing scene
To the moon's soften'd light.
'Twas charming as a poet's dream
In a bright, starry night.
Under a shade-tree's spreading boughs
Two youths with sparkling eyes
Were pledging there in love their vows,
By their heart-yearning sighs.

"O happy boy and girl!" I cried.
"Your cups are filled with love!

What can you ask on earth beside?
Your hope-stars shine above."
The stranger's face looked touched and sad.
"May no grief bow their heads!
But with each good there comes some bad
For one who life's-road treads."

Then to a rural scene we go,
With cottage, farm and field,
Where wheat and corn in plenty grow,
With promise of great yield.
The youth and maid are married now,
And charmed by a loved child;
They under toil's burdens bow,
With cheerful looks so mild.



He changed the scene—long years have fled—
To a dreary, silent morn,

Where two parents weep o'er their dead—
Heart-rending and forlorn.
The only sound within that room
Comes from some broken heart.
The intense anguish and the gloom,
Tears heart and soul apart.

He, weeping, sobbing, turned his face.
“ 'Tis part of life,” he said;
“Earth is a mirth and mourning place—
The dead are still not dead!
They are not even sleeping there,
But oft stand by and hear
The mourners' cries, and try to bear
Their anguish and their fear.”

He forthwith wiped his tears away,
Brushed back his flaxen hair,
And changed the scene to brightest day,
Which spellbound held me there.
Two aged ones, with care much bent,
Came walking, hand in hand,
With hopeful smiles, from Heaven lent,
Bound for a better land.

They from the strand a fairer clime
View across Death river,

And longingly abide the time
For their passing over.

At last the boatman comes in view,
His back is turned with tide,
And in his boat he takes the two
Safe to the other side.

The misty veil which hangs between
Here and that blissful land
Is cleared away—now can be seen
Heaven's immortal strand.
Such hearty welcome which they meet,
Before I never saw.
Their long-lost friends, with joy, them greet,
And in communion draw.

"Tell me, kind stranger, what this means?
Have I a vision seen?

Or are these only empty dreams,
Which leave me thus serene?"

"This is the path of life for man
From cradle to the tomb.
These are the children who once ran
Sporting in life's forenoon."

"They are now gray and old, from care,
For roses oft have thorns;

Each one has burdens hard to bear,
The hardest he who mourns.
Death takes them to life's other strand,
On Heaven's blissful shore,
Where the sun in the Spirit land
Shines brighter evermore."

Then brighter, brighter, grew the goal
Of Heaven's peaceful land.
Nearer, nearer, it drew my soul
To that charméd, blissful band;
Until he in a misty cloud
Dissolved and disappeared,
And all vanished. With head bowed,
Back to the earth I neared.

SANTA CLAUS: HIS CAUSE AND ORIGIN EXPLAINED.

Thou Santa Claus of Christmas time,
Who dost not think of thee?
Thou art the theme for many rhyme
Around the Christmas tree.
They say thou art, and yet, art not;
And, Santa Claus, thou still—



Or some one else gav'st what we got—
Didst our stockings fill!

Who art thou? And where com'st thou from?
What is thy pedigree?
From whence dost all thy presents come
We every Christmas see?

Why dost not come some other day,
But just on Christmas eve?
Why dost not come in March or May,
And then your presents leave?

They say thou ridest reindeer train
From the cold, polar ice;
And thy span to the chimneys chain,
Thence bringest thy surprise.
We cannot see how thou com'st down
There with thy bulky load.
Perhaps thou leavest goods in town,
And cometh by the road.

Nor can we see how thou canst be,
Throughout the entire world,
At every place on Christmas eve.
Art thou by lightning hurled?
These are the questions asked each year,
By young, and by some old.
"Why tell such nonsense, just to cheer,
When a real falsehood told?"

Asks he who finds his gifts have come
From toil, and suff'ring, too;
And he who is without a home,
Scarce knowing what to do,
Whose morsels are by sorrow spread,
From no fault of his own;
Whom accident, or fate, has led
On paths by life-thorns grown.

We say to each and every one,
To aged and to youth,
Santa Claus is a legend come
From Nature's solid truth.
We do proclaim : He lives, and still,
By chimney and by road,
Dost all thy wants and pleasures fill
From his benignant load.

He is an old and pleasant chap,
With pockets full of gifts.
He gives the harvest, and the chaff
From your own life-grain sifts.
In legend he, in each cult-lore,
Is known by his own name.
Where'er we go He is before,
Though not pronounced the same.

Some call him Allah, and some God,
All-Father, and the Sun.
Whatever name they choose to laud,
He is the self-same one.
In all lands is a custom old,
When death occurs, to take
Of his left property, and hold
A burial feast and wake.

Old cult-lores teach that spirits feast
On odors from the food,
Whilst relatives partake—at least
The ghost keeps in good mood.
So think the Brahmin, Moslem, Jew
And Irin; likewise do
The Indians, Chinese, Esquimaux,
And even Christians, too.

Then they an inventory take
Of chattels and wealth left;
Produce of air, field, wood and lake;
All owned by the bereft.
Each heir receives thereof his part,
And in it pleasure finds,
Because abundance fills the heart,
And closely to it binds.

The Year-God dies and is entombed,
December Twenty-first;
To give his Soul light in the gloom,
And his death prison burst,
The Church her burial-rites must lave;
Hence, cattle, hogs, for meat
Are slain, and bread is baked to save
For him aromas sweet.

The twenty-fourth the feast runs high,
Until the midnight hour,
Then slowly to its close draws nigh
The pleasure-making power.
But proclamation carols ring
From charming angel voices:
“A child is born! A God and King!
All life now rejoices!”

Lo, and behold! The Sun passed o'er
The bright solstitial line,
And the Gods who were dead before
Are now re-born to time.
The wake's solemn festivity
Ends in a birthday feast.
Eight days in his nativity,
And the year is released.

The year is born and goes its course,
And what exists does grow.
The heirship right man claims—by force—
Though oft' he no seeds sow.
We must by fire our food prepare;
Melt metal from the rocks;
Must till the fields and roads repair;
Must feed and tend the flocks.

We plant and reap; we spin and weave;
We likewise cut and sew;
But to produce we have to leave
For Nature's God to do.
He comes by chimney, low and tall,
And every other way:
Thus, Santa Claus gives each and all,
And we naught to him pay.

All things which grow—we only tend—
Comes from life and the sun;
We have but to assistance lend,
By them the work is done.
Each is a child of Santa Claus,
And an heir of each year.
These are the reasons and the cause
Why Christmas he comes near.

We creative energies behold—
Remembering we receive,
Give others some of what we hold
'Most every Christmas eve—
Which give to us, concealing source;
And to this lesson learn,
We say it comes by Santa's course,
And love him in return.

Christmas, a Pagan harvest feast,
At winter solstice line,
All cult-lores keep, and—we, at least—
Keep part for Easter time.
When Nature rises from the grave,
The year at Christmas laid,
And lavishly her verdure lave
With flow'ry perfume's aid.

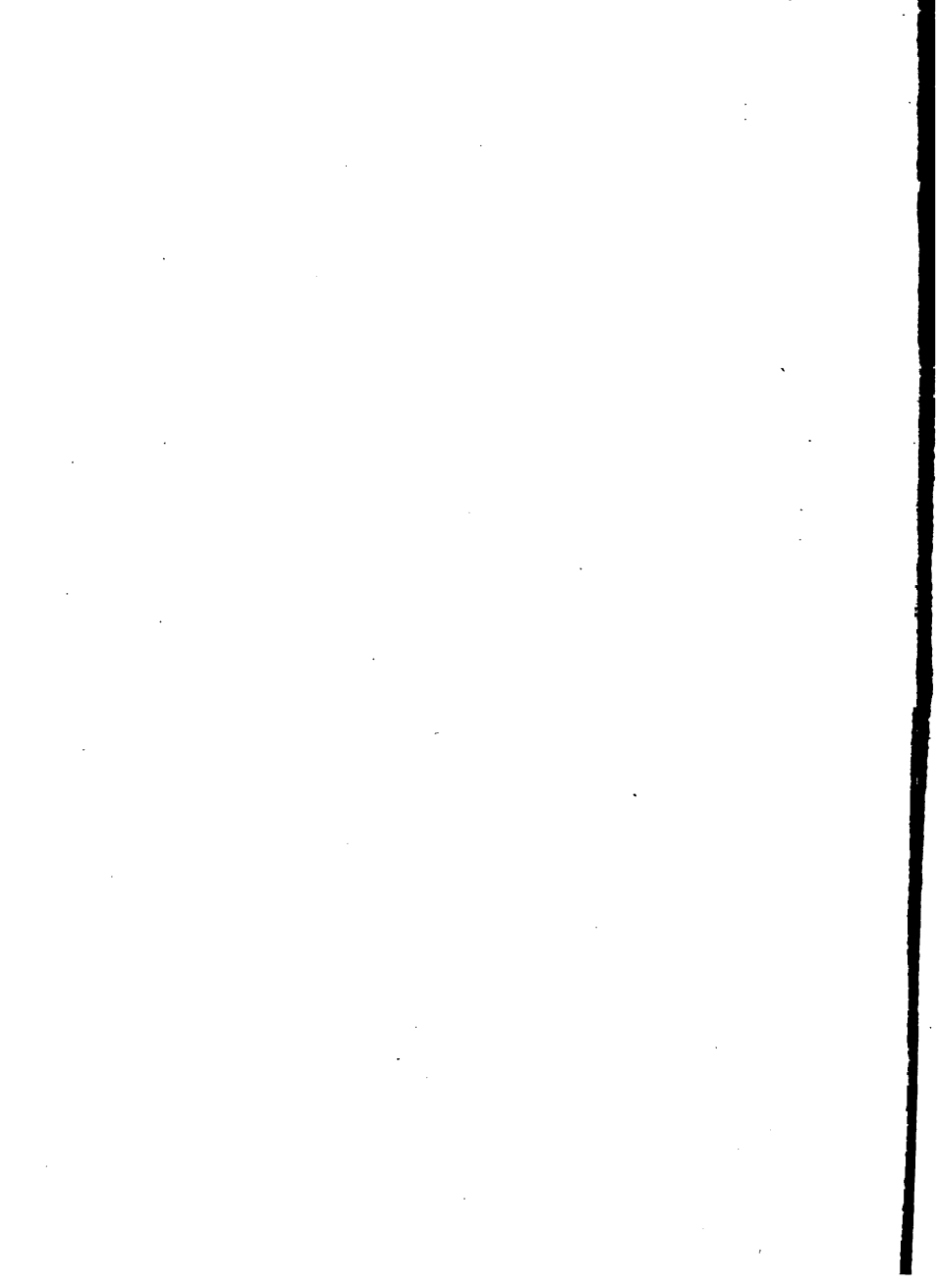
She in her beauty rises high—
In glory almost lost—
Till germ-formation time draws nigh,
Which is her Pentecost;
Then with the Sun to Heav'n ascends,
With offerings of her fruit,
And to its charming bliss much lends;
Thus proves herself astute.

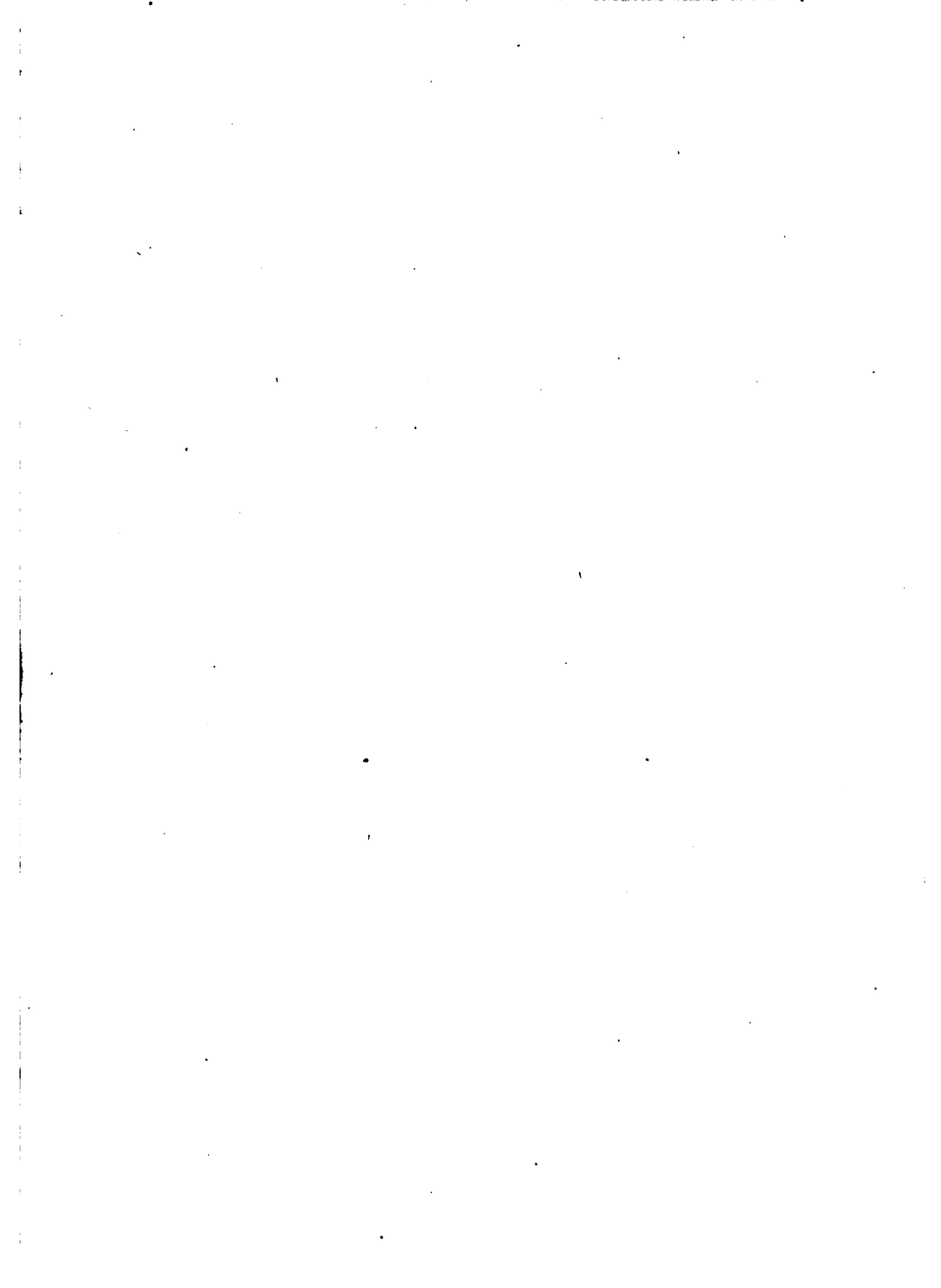
O Nature's Prince! We thanks thee pay;
For Santa Claus thou brought;
The Year-Christ's birth, and New Year's day;
For Easter wonders wrought,
For Pentecost, Ascension, too,
And thy return again;
Thy solemn death, and for gifts new;
And thy continued reign.

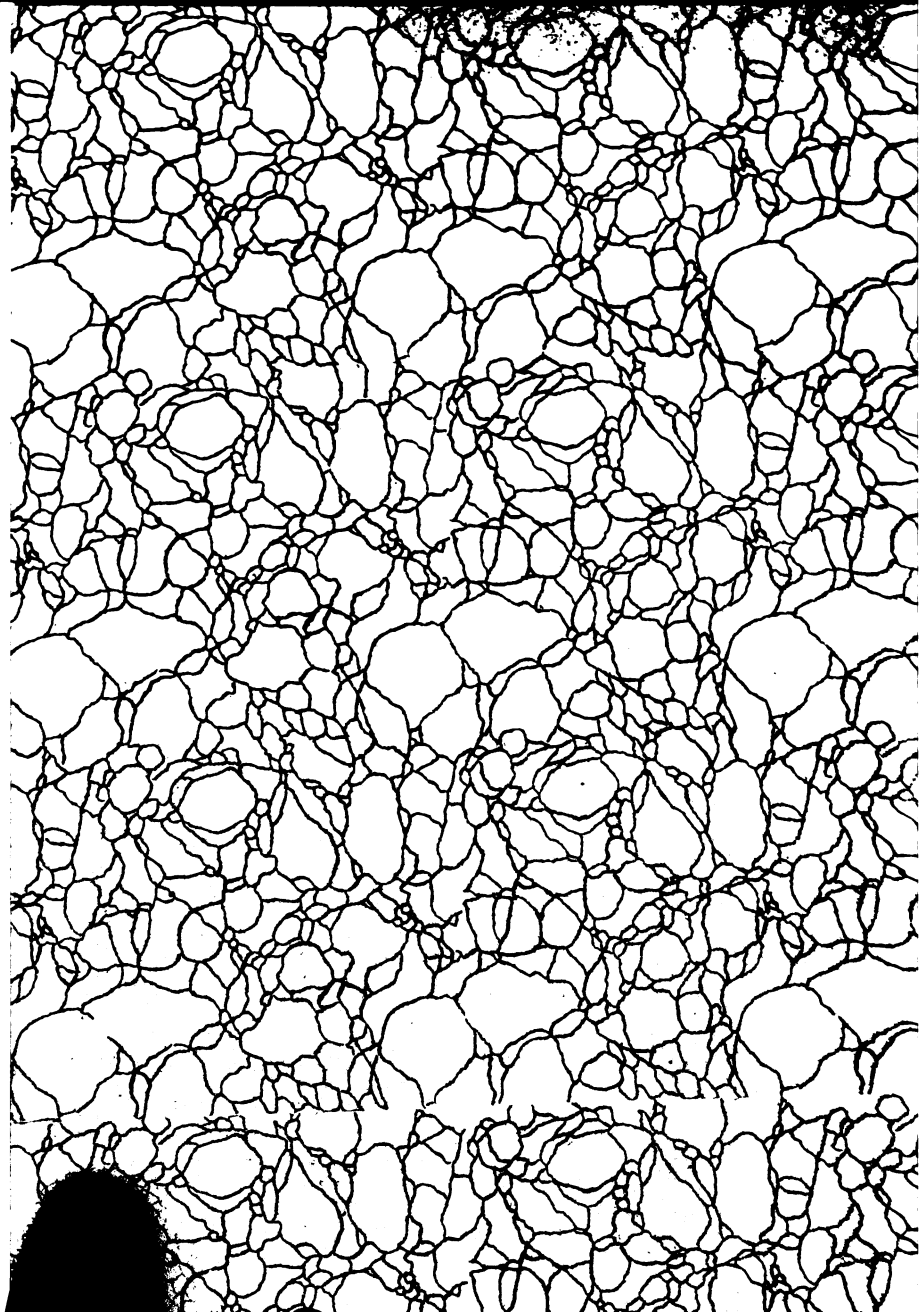
Now, dear reader, we thank you for your kind attention and patience in reading this volume. We hope you will study it closely and imbibe all the good there is in it.

In a companion volume, which we are now writing, we will endeavor to show how the transition from Paganism to Christianity came about, and that we are in a new transition period in which the false is struggling with the true for mastery, and how the true can become victorious, though now conquered by the false. What name we will give to the same depends upon the copy-right office.









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